

# THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF  
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

VOL. I.—No. 4.

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1864.

## THE IMPENDING FINANCIAL REVOLUTION.

THE changes during the last twelve months in what is technically termed the "money market" have been such as to arrest the attention even of the active man of business, who, under ordinary circumstances, is disposed to avoid the consideration of subjects connected with finance from an exaggerated notion of their abstruseness and difficulty. The current events of the day, however, and the foreshadowings of the future, both on this continent and that of Europe, and the mutterings of revolution in India, are of such unusual interest that every business man ought to give his whole attention to their investigation in order the more safely to direct his own affairs. Since the invention of the modern credit system, periodical commercial crises seem to have become inevitable. They come, like bad harvests, at quite regular intervals. Like bad harvests, they have their heralds proclaiming their approach. Bad weather is the herald of bad harvests; bad bank statements are the heralds of commercial crises. The experienced farmer foresees the failure in the crops from the well-understood results which must ensue from the workings of unfavorable weather on the soil and its products; and so, likewise, the experienced merchant and statesman, from their knowledge of the science of political economy, foresee the crises and bankruptcies in the mercantile world from the bad bank statements, which evidence overtrading, expansion, and increasing weakness in those institutions and the mercantile republic. The fact of the loss of twenty or thirty millions of dollars of specie or legal money by the Bank of England, the Bank of France, or the banks of New York city, if it stood by itself as an exceptional fact, affecting only those banking institutions, and if it were disconnected with the transactions of the mercantile community, then it would be really a matter of minor importance, because it would be simply an index of the strength or weakness of certain banks. But the loss or gain of specie or legal money by the controlling banks in great money and exchange centers, like London, Paris, and New York, indicates infallibly the strength or weakness of the mercantile community as well as of the banks themselves. The discolored limb may seem to the unpracticed eye like a simple bruise, but the surgeon sees in it the symptoms of mortification and death unless the knife is quickly applied. Bad bank statements are the discoloration of incipient mortification in the mercantile body, and unless the diseased parts are cut out in time, the life will be endangered.

In this article we propose simply to make a few remarks on the present condition of the Bank of England. We select the Bank of England because London is the center of the exchanges of the civilized world, and the condition of the Bank of England, therefore, reflects more serious and widespread financial disorder than is indicated by weakness in the Bank of France, or those of New York city. In July, 1862, the rate for discount at the Bank of England was 2 per cent., and the bullion reserve on July 30 was £18,448,443. On January 14, 1863, the specie had declined to £14,102,169, and the rate of discount was

advanced to 4 per cent. On December 16, 1863, the specie in the bank had declined to £13,075,474, and the rate of discount was advanced to 8 per cent. This statement shows that the price of money on July 30, 1862, was 2 per cent. per annum, and this rate was continued until September of the same year; but in October, 1862, the rate was advanced to 3 per cent., or 50 per cent. dearer; in January, 1863, three months afterward, it was 4 per cent., or 100 per cent. dearer; and it is now 8 per cent., or 300 per cent. dearer than it was fifteen months ago. The momentous consequences which flow from this enormous increase of 300 per cent. in the price charged for the loan of money, will be better understood when we state that the gross amount of bills drawn yearly in Great Britain is over five thousand millions of dollars. This estimate is arrived at from calculations based on the official receipts from stamp duties, taking the average of the last five years. Assuming three months as the average maturity of these commercial bills, then the amount constantly in circulation cannot be less than \$1,250,000,000; but if these bills change hands on an average four times, then they represent five thousand millions of discounts or negotiations of loans during every three months of the year, or loan negotiations or discounts in Great Britain, at the rate of twenty thousand millions of dollars per annum. Fifteen months ago, when the rate of discount was 2 per cent. per annum, the British mercantile community were charged by the money lenders \$100,000,000 for discounting their \$5,000,000,000 of commercial bills; but now with the rate of discount at 8 per cent., the British nation is compelled to pay \$400,000,000 to the money-lenders for precisely the same amount of loans as they paid \$100,000,000 for fifteen months ago. In other words, the lenders of capital are now enabled to subtract from the profits of trade \$400,000,000 in discounts, against \$100,000,000 in 1862. This exhibit opens up the avenue by which to arrive at the true cause of commercial crises, panics, and bankruptcies. The banks and money-lenders, like the barons in the olden time, like to rob the people. The barons were rude and uneducated robbers, and did not understand, as our bank and credit-lending magnates do, the high art of plundering the people through the machinery of bank credits and paper money.

Through the agency of bank and other credits, British merchants have been overtrading for more than a year. They have been buying more cotton from semi-barbarous nations than the country could pay for conveniently. These semi-barbarous nations have not taken British manufactures in payment for their cotton as the Southern states did, but have required payment in gold and silver. Herein is one cause of trouble. Some idea of the extent of this overtrading may be gathered from the cotton exports of Great Britain, which were in October, 1863, 192,638,643 yards of manufactured cotton goods, valued at £4,227,255, against 91,588,626 yards, valued at £1,776,683, in October, 1862, showing an increase of about 140 per cent. in the year. The total exports from Great Britain in October, 1863, were nearly double those of January last, being £15,082,332.

In the statement of the Bank of England, the amounts recorded as "other securities" and "other deposits" represent the use which the mercantile community make of the Bank of England for their own purposes. The "other securities" consist principally of bills discounted and loans on securities temporarily deposited by individuals, and the "other deposits" consist of the undrawn balances of the loans granted on the "other securities." The difference between these two accounts, therefore, shows whether the mercantile community is in a condition of ease with a large amount of unemployed funds at call in the bank, under the head of "other deposits," or whether its necessities require it to lean for assistance on the Bank of England, and by comparison with former years we ascertain the extent and urgency of their financial necessities. The reserve in the Bank of England is the last fund which is drawn upon by the British mercantile community. The deficiency in the amount of the "other deposits" as compared with the "other securities" is, therefore, watched by prudent bankers and merchants as an infallible guide to the true condition of the mercantile world, whether they are easy in money matters or hard pressed for cash.

In the account of the Bank of England for the week ending December 9, 1863, and for the corresponding date in previous years, the deficiency in the "other deposits" compared with the "other securities" was:

1863.....	£3,832,053	1860.....	£7,882,969
1862.....	5,690,766	1856.....	7,786,000
1861.....	3,232,391	1853.....	5,615,160

On October 21, 1863, the deficiency was only £4,715,194, and the rate of discount was 4 per cent., and on November 18 it was £7,096,473, and the rate of discount was 6 per cent. The following figures give the deficiency for January 14, in the under-noted years:

1863.....	£3,423,945	1860.....	£4,742,910
1862.....	663,974	1856.....	3,345,000
1861.....	6,689,622	1853.....	873,390

In July, 1855, the "other deposits" were actually £2,367,000 more than the "other securities;" and in 1852 they were £4,682,000 more; thus showing in those years that the British mercantile public did not draw their discounts from the Bank of England, but actually deposited in the bank in addition thereto the sums just named.

We have stated enough to awaken every prudent business man to investigate these financial subjects for himself. Europe and British India are slumbering over a volcano whose upheavings are beginning to shake the foundations of their political and their financial and credit systems. The Bank of England and the Bank of France are simply the openings through which convulsed nature is shooting up the sparks and ashes of the revolutionary volcano—preludes to the outpouring of the burning molten lava beneath which the houses of merchant princes and imperial dynasties are destined to be buried.

## THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF NEW YORK.

THE new Mayor was duly installed on Monday last; a new Board of Councilmen was organized, and half the Aldermen are also new or just re-chosen. We regret to say that our hopes of any valuable reform in local government are very faint. Mr. Gunther's promises are fair, but his power is limited; he is hedged around by those whose interests are all on the side of extravagance and rascality. Notwithstanding the general hurrah over his election, that event was not a triumph over the plunderers who burrow in the treasury; it was simply the result of a quarrel among themselves—the struggle between the hungry outsiders and the greedy insiders for public and private spoils. It is a mistake to suppose that Mr. Gunther's election broke or even bent the Ring. That famous organization embraces members of every political faction, and manages to secure the return of all its secretly selected candidates, no matter which party triumphs in the city or state. We have reason to believe that the Ring is now stronger than ever in the Board of Aldermen, and that the Mayor will soon find it useless to bother them with advice or vetoes. His own powers are exceedingly limited, and he can do little more than waste ink in abortive protests against their schemes of plunder.

That we are going from bad to worse is evident. Within ten years our taxes have risen from less than five millions to nearly fifteen millions; we have now three times the number of clerks, inspectors, and other minor officials required to serve needful public purposes; we see the progression going on at a fearful rate without making an effort to stop it; we pay more for strictly local purposes in this city this year 1864 than all the state governments and state legislatures in the Union cost in 1859; we pay almost two hundred dollars for each vote at the mayoralty election—and yet the camel's back is not broken. We know this is against all reason, all decency, all honesty. We know that such extravagance is the result of knavery long continued and well organized among our public servants (who are in fact our masters). We shake hands daily with these men, while morally certain that their other hands are metaphorically in our pocket-books. We resolve firmly that, come next election, we shall put in honest and capable men; we shall select the very select of the city; we shall make the world astonished at our great reform. And then we forget all about it; and long before we dream of stirring in the matter, the Ring, the gambling-house, and the grog-



shop have selected candidates for us, and there is no earthly power that can defeat them.

There is just one way (except revolution) in which our local government can be purified, and that is by the limitation of the elective franchise. Corrupt office-holders presume corrupt constituencies. In this city we need not offer proofs to such a statement—its truth is glaringly manifest; there are many conscientious voters (most of whom do not vote at all); many partisan voters who go their ticket without question; many reckless voters who go in to win; but more than all these, we have an immense voting population made up from the refuse of European immigration and the evil-disposed of our own raising. These voters, having little natural honesty, no political education, no pecuniary interest, and without the shadow of moral responsibility, are always in the market, and can be blindly led, or bought dirt cheap, by any ambitious rascal who wants a chance at the treasury. Not content with providing poor-houses, prisons, hospitals, schools, churches, for such people, our liberal demagogues must hand over to them the very scepter of political power, and, in a single sentence, place the escaped convict, the besotted drunkard, and the semi-civilized vagabond, on equal footing with the men who have spent lives of toil and frugality to build the city that these unwholesome intruders are despoiling. Parties have competed with each other in securing this scum; and if one has had more success than the other, it is not because of superior virtue in the unsuccessful party—they are equally culpable. Candidates have purchased these votes by the hundred, as they would any other sort of merchandise, and thought it a fair business transaction. Thus voters and candidates fall to one level, and a corrupt constituency sends out corrupt officers. The stream will be muddy as long as the source is impure.

We know that it will be thought most audacious heresy, yet we deliberately affirm that the surest, best, and most equitable manner of reforming our rapidly degenerating local government is by a very great reduction of the elective franchise. The old property qualification was far better than this free-and-easy system; but there is no justice in that, since the Devil is nearly always rich, while Saints are often wretchedly poor. Without pointing out what special restrictions should be made, we observe generally that some steps should be taken to stop the voting of thieves, gamblers, common drunkards, idle vagabonds, those who cannot read, and those who have no immediate interest in good government; and while abjuring any recognition of a defunct political organization, it is especially necessary that the almost always indigent and ignorant and often depraved immigrants now coming upon us like the locusts of Egypt, should pass some long probation that will qualify them to share the responsibilities, before they assume the duties of citizens. Just so long as we have voters of the dangerous classes above specified, so long shall we have rogues in public office, and groan under the burden of robbery, which is now courteously called taxation. Our officers are but managers of a corporation for our benefit; such, also, for the benefit of the stockholders, are the directors of a bank. If the owner of one bank share has but one-tenth the vote of the owner of ten shares, why should the thriftless vagabond in the city corporation vote equally with the mechanic, the merchant, the millionaire?

#### ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

THE rencontre between RICHARD CORDEN and Mr. DELANE, chief editor of the London *Times*, is not without interest for the American public. Although the controversy turns simply on the interpretation of certain language in speeches made by Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT at Rochdale, and involves no direct discussion of any important principle, yet the case has bearings that give it interest wherever the *Times* is known. The journal that so long has universally misrepresented men and measures with mendacious unscrupulousness, has at last been challenged by its peer.

The facts of the case are these: Messrs. CORDEN and BRIGHT make two speeches, in which they condemn the absorption of land in England by the

wealthy classes, and show how the landless condition of the English peasantry contrasts with the landed proprietorship of the peasants of other countries. The *Times*, in two prominent articles on successive days, charges that the speeches recommend a repartition of the land among the poor. One of the articles says:

"This language, so often repeated, and so calculated to excite discontent among the poor and half-informed, has really only one intelligible meaning: 'Reduce the electoral franchise, for when you have done so you will obtain an assembly which will seize on the estates of the proprietors of land, and divide them gratuitously among the poor.' \* \* \* It may be right to reduce the franchise, but certainly not as a step to spoliation."

Mr. CORDEN, in a letter addressed to Mr. DELANE personally, administers a scathing rebuke to the habitual tergiversation of the *Times*, indignantly disowns the imputation of spoliation, and challenges the editor to substantiate his charge from the report of the speeches in his own columns. Mr. DELANE responds to the protest in a letter to the Rochdale *Observer*, in which, with an affectation of quiet dignity, he indulges in a few insipid sarcasms, and reiterates his conviction that the speeches admit of no other interpretation than that given in his leading articles. To this Mr. CORDEN responds by quoting language in his speech expressly disowning the purpose imputed to him by the *Times*, and demands that Mr. DELANE quote those passages in the speeches that it is charged favor the division of the lands of the rich among the poor. Mr. DELANE's next reply is simply a sneaking retreat from the position he had taken with so much dignified self-assurance. He poutingly exclaims:

"It appears to me, however, that I have been dragged into this correspondence entirely by the exaggerated intensity you have chosen to attach to the oft-quoted phrase, 'Mr. BRIGHT's proposition for a division among the poor of the lands of the rich.'"

although he had previously stoutly maintained that the interpretation embodied in this phrase was the only one admissible. He next denies that the *Times* charged the speakers with advocating that the division "should be accomplished by violence," in the face of what its editorials had said about "seizing on the estates of the proprietors of land and dividing them gratuitously among the poor;" and then crowns this specimen of self-stultification by arguing that Mr. CORDEN's speech disavows seizure and spoliation.

Rarely has a contest between two eminent representatives of public opinion resulted in such a clear, satisfactory victory. The *Times*, in the person of its editor-in-chief, stoops to eat up its own slanderous aspersions under the squarely dealt blows of honest RICHARD CORDEN. Mr. CORDEN has the praise of the people everywhere for thus humiliating the haughty foe of the people's cause all the world over. He has not only caught that journal in an act of vile and mischievous misrepresentation, but has brought before the public gaze the Lucifer of journalism and exposed him to the ridicule of the world.

The most remarkable feature of this controversy is in the editor of the *Times* unavailing his individuality. We have no recollection of any other instance. Indeed, as a rule, the editing of English journals, especially in London, is strictly anonymous. The editor is an unknown entity; he is supposed to have no personal relations with his readers; and, except as a matter of literary interest, they have no care to know him. The theory is, that the opinions of the paper are all that concern the reader, while their authorship is entirely a private affair; the press is the exponent of principles, not the organ of an individual. This is in marked contrast to the system on which the press is conducted in Paris and in New York. In the French capital the editor is known to every reader by the law compelling him to subscribe his name to his editorials. The publicity of editorship is simply one of NAPOLEON's expedients for gagging political discussion. In New York the editor is as well known as his paper. What may be said in the *Herald* is received as the dictum of JAMES GORDEN BENNETT; the *Tribune* is regarded as the voice of HORACE GREEXLEY; and the *Times* is read as the organ of HENRY J. RAYMOND. The French system can have no advantages, for it comes out of despotism, and can only tend to consolidate arbitrary government. The London and New York systems have each their recommendations. The advantages of anonymous editorship are wholly on the side of the public. When the editor stands uncommitted publicly to any political organization, he is the

more likely to be independent in his discussions, and the more at liberty to move with the advance of public opinion. His sanctum is an elevated observatory of events; not the plot-room of caucusing politicians. It must be confessed that, with our own system, the advantage is rather on the side of the editor than the public. The editor whose name is a synonym for his paper holds a public elevation that may be turned to immense pecuniary advantage; but the gain is too generally reached at the expense of independence, candor, honor, and principle. The majority of our prominent editors are rabid partisans of one school or another; and the result is, that the moral tone of the press is vitiated and the public mind kept in an unhealthy excitement by the violent and unscrupulous agitation of extremes. Our people are beginning to tire of being led by partisan editors, and ask, if not for anonymous journalism, yet at least for papers possessing attributes that a candid observer can approve.

#### ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

NOT having yet fully reached what by a venerable pre-scription we have come to call the allotted term of human life, but having crowded the forty years of his active career as a servant of his church with true, faithful, and untiring labors in her behalf, John Hughes, Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church in the diocese of New York, has passed from the charities and the controversies, from the sacrifices and the strifes, from the mingled good and ill, of earth.

The death of a man so eminent as Archbishop Hughes would be a public event whatever might have been his calling in life. That an archbishop of the Roman Church should die, and his miter be worn by another, is not of itself necessarily a matter of any more special import to the world without the limits of his faith and his see, than that the humblest Protestant pulpit in the land should be vacated and refilled. To be in the public eye is one thing; to engage the public eye is quite another thing. Official station or inherited rank secures the one: the other is to be commanded only by the personal qualities or the personal fortunes of individuals. The death of a dozen dukes, unless they should die simultaneously by previous concert at an agricultural dinner, would less stir the nerves of England to-morrow than that of a single Lord Brougham. Nay, one may fairly doubt whether the demise of twenty members of Parliament, each one the pride and hope of a respectable rural constituency, would take equal rank before the public as an event with the death of the vanquished Heenan or the victorious King. In our own country the telegraph, which would be little startled from its propriety by the passing away of any number of promiscuous senators and state governors, would pause in its eager clicking-out of each day's crowded history upon the news that any one of five or six strictly unofficial persons who might be named had been lost to American letters or American life.

It is not as an Archbishop, but as an Archbishop of rare endowments and of a remarkable personal career, that Dr. Hughes in his death arrests once more, as in his life he had so often, the public attention. Within the circle of his personal friendships and his pastoral relations—that circle of the intimate ties in which after all the highest as well as the lowest in the social scale must make or mar their life—the Archbishop of New York was loved, and will be mourned for traits of character upon which it becomes us not to dwell. The praise of these things is in the deep and genuine sorrow of those who knew the sterling man within the stately ecclesiastic, and knowing loved him. With their grief the "stranger intermeddled not;" nor can he fitly speak of that which makes their grief so sacred at once and so poignant.

Archbishop Hughes will always represent in the American history of the Roman Church the confessor rather than the saint of his faith. The work which was done for Catholicism in America by the mild and amiable Cheverus, was taken up and continued by him in quite another strain. His disposition and his genius conspired to fit him in a very remarkable degree for the special position to which the circumstances of American Catholicism called him. Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, he was precisely the man to meet the developments of sectarian injustice and bigotry, to give aggressive Puritanism as "good as it brought," and to "withstand to their face" the embattled array of the "Know-Nothings." Surrounded in his diocese of New York by a powerful body of Catholic believers, strong in his own power of brain and will, as well as in their devoted love of their faith, and greatly re-enforced by the progressive tolerance and theological charity of a metropolitan population, Archbishop Hughes was enabled to fight the battle of his church when it needed to be fought, under all the conditions most important to a real success. To fight this battle was again and again his duty. It is no wrong to his memory to say that to do this duty was his delight. The Archbishop was a priest after



the order of Bossuet rather than of Fénelon. He was a man of that type of which the church militant has sharper need than the church triumphant. Had he lived in the days of Philip the Fair, he would have tried a fall with the insolent king and his more insolent chancellor. That he would have urged on the superstitious decrepitude of Louis the Fourteenth in the fatal career of oppression upon which the blinded monarch was driven by a clergy as blind, we have no ground for believing, and happily no need to inquire thereof.

On the mere issue of personal temper, it must be conceded to the Archbishop that his antagonists in his many controversies gave the world warranty of as handsome a tendency toward the thumbscrew and the rack, toward ecclesiastical domination and the pugilistic promotion of enlightened piety, as the angriest of them all could ever inflame himself into fixing upon the prelate or upon his church. How many of them, retiring with the applauses of their friends and fellow-believers from the arena of polemics, carried into the less demonstrative fields of usefulness thrown open to them by their calling as earnest and steadfast a devotion to the more humane and merciful functions of the Christian ministry as made the Archbishop dear to his flock and honorable among his fellow-citizens, it were invidious to ask. To withhold our cordial testimony to the Archbishop's own merits in this particular, however, would be to do but partial justice where justice the most impartial is the only fair alternative of absolute silence.

Nor should we pass over, without a full and cordial word, the genuine devotion which the late prelate manifested to the country of his adoption. The common impression that no priest of Rome can be a patriot in the general sense of that word, will hardly bear the test of such a career as that of Archbishop Hughes. However intense his love of his church, and however ardent his zeal in behalf of the interests of the church, it is certain that he held himself to be a loyal citizen of the United States, and that he tried honestly to do a loyal citizen's devoir.

He visited Europe at the request of the Secretary of State for the purpose of bearing his testimony in behalf of the cause of the Union. It was not altogether the wisest thing in the world, when judged from the diplomatic point of view, to send an Archbishop to France on a political mission, for political bishops have done neither themselves nor their church much more credit in the France of the Second Empire than they did in the France of the Second Restoration. But the conception of the Archbishop's mission must be carried to the account of Mr. Seward, and for the way in which the mission was carried out the Archbishop himself deserves to be, and will be, most honorably remembered by all Americans.

An envoy of patriotism beyond the Atlantic, Archbishop Hughes, after his return, earned a fresh claim to the regard of the good by his efforts to breathe peace over the passionate mobs which, in the summer of last year, disgraced and imperiled this city. Many severe criticisms were made at the time of these efforts, and have since been repeated, upon the manner and temper in which they were made. But it strikes us that the best thing which should be imputed for a sin to a Christian prelate, is a plea for order uttered in the spirit of patience and of mercy. Faults of taste in such a plea may well be forgiven; and the future chronicler of our time, rising above the smoke and heat of partisan strifes, will press with a kindly hand upon the last conspicuous public appearance of a gifted and energetic man, who closed a life of polemical zeal and demonstrative vehemence by an honest effort to pour oil upon waters sorely troubled, and to quench a conflagration which threatened for a time the very existence of society.

#### LIMITATIONS OF AMERICAN ART.

GOETHE wisely remarked that artists and their judges mutually form each other. Of course it is not in the power of any critic to change or shape the art development of an age. Not even Ruskin was equal to that. He merely made himself the exponent and advocate of the revolutionary art spirit of his time. He defended and interested certain new men in art, but he did not give those men the ideas or spirit of which their works are the result. Still less can we confirm or determine any of our painters. They work as they will. But it is our place, looking over the field of American art, to report the progress of the workers and comment on the character of their work. If we find that they shrink from the ruder and darker material that makes human life; if we find that they always keep down in the low, fresh, sweet meadow lands, where all is peaceful and beautiful, while up in the clefts of the hills richer rewards await an enduring struggle, and below in the depths still more solicits their strength, we must challenge them, and ask, Is it weakness or aversion that keeps them in the pleasant valley? Moral strength would certainly project its possessor amid the sterner realities of life, and make its owner delight in grappling with the great elementary passions of our nature—the problems that agitate the soul, the energies that make tumult in the heart, the aspirations that lift us above the vulgarity and shallowness of mere repose and prosperity. If we have capacity we

show it, and if the sublime of nature moves us, and the tragic in life engages our minds and is comprehended by us, we reveal the same in our works. Now, how do we stand as a people in relation to all the grandest and most profound elements of human life in our art and literature?—for they are but different expressions of our genius.

With the exception of Poe and Hawthorne, we have no writer of tragic genius, and in our art we have but one painter who may be said practically to sympathize with the impassioned and imaginative. American art is almost at a dead level in its rendering of the pastoral and beautiful of nature. It is not unlike the literature of the middle of the eighteenth century, and may be said to represent a similar mental and spiritual condition. As we are charmed by the sweetness and tenderness of Goldsmith's writings, and moved by the sonorous language of Johnson, so we are charmed and delighted and moved by similar characteristics in American art. Reading Goldsmith, we are apt to forget that human life is more terrible and mysterious than that set forth in the "Vicar of Wakefield" or the "Deserted Village;" reading Johnson, we are betrayed by the pomp of sound and the stately and ponderous movement of thought, and believe that we have found a great thinker and imaginative mind. The literature of Goldsmith and his contemporaries presents, in Burke's writings, one magnificent exception to the generalization made from a consideration of the former. Burke was an impassioned thinker. In the art of our country we have one exception also, thus confirming the justness of our comparison. We cannot offer a complete exposition of the points of resemblance between our art as a manifestation of expressional power and its relation to life and nature and English literature of the middle of the eighteenth century. Sufficient has been written to give a direction to further investigation of the subject. Our purpose, having intimated that it is similar to the literature referred to, is to express our sense of its limitation, and give reasons for protesting against the spirit that keeps our artists in the same path, and leads patrons to welcome the pleasing, the pastoral, and the beautiful, at the expense of grander and higher work. The men who have attained and are now representatives of American art, are children of a less revolutionary time than the present. They have grown out of much the same general life as Goldsmith, Gibbon, Johnson, and Sterne; that is, a time free from what De Quincey calls the colossal movements of nations; the sorrow of the times, which searches so deeply; the grandeur of the times, which aspires so loftily; and all those forces which, acting by secret sympathy upon our fountains of thinking and impassioned speculation, have raised us from depths never visited by our fathers into altitudes too dizzy for their contemplating. It is to the young and rising men—the men who are being shaped and molded by the tumults and passions of the present—by the grandeur of struggle, by the sadness of defeat, by the joys of victory, that we must look for an extension of our expressional power. It is to them we must appeal for elements yet wanting in our art and literature. It will be strange indeed if the manhood of this nation does not find vigor and power of expression in art, and, in the possession of a deeper experience of the meaning and reality of life, give us a more dramatic and passionate representation of the same. We do not wish to depreciate what has been done; we do not wish to lessen the charm of the serene, the beautiful, and the pure of American art; but we desire to remind our artists and art patrons of the truth, that art or literature, limited to the expression of the serene, the beautiful, and the pure, can never be called great. It is only life plowed by iron-shod, soul-upheaving sorrows and passions that is great (for only that can arouse the forces of the soul), and it follows that art or literature is great only in proportion as it expresses that life.

—“When the fight begins within himself,  
A man's worth something. God stoops o'er his head,  
Satan looks up between his feet—both tug—  
He's left, himself, in the middle: the soul wakes  
And grows.”

Thus far we have shown our relationship to the English mind in our love for reality to which we have kept in our art. Before American genius can rank as the peer of English, we must exhibit a force in expression not less than the tremendous energy of Byron, impassioned feeling equal to that of Shelley or Keats, and all must be crowned by the grandeur of Milton and the tragic power of the dramatists of the Elizabethan age.

We have much to accomplish. At present we are like Paracelsus, infinite in our ambitions, careless if not contemptuous of the past. Let us know what has been done—what makes great art, and no more shrink from the painful and the tragic. It is much that we have accomplished in pleasing the people by our renderings of the sweet and familiar face of ordinary nature. Let us now aim to elevate them and teach them; for, again to quote De Quincey, “the fine arts have now come to be regarded rather as powers that are to mold than as luxuries that are to embellish, and artists are valued more by the elaborate agencies which they guide than by the fugitive sensations of wonder or sympathy which they evoke.”

We shall once more return to this subject. In conclusion

of our article, we would again protest against the heresy that art must first give pleasure. Its final effects must be pleasurable. But it may contain elements, as the tragedies of Shakespeare, that at first excite the most conflicting sensations of pain and delight.

We charge our artists with the necessity of vigor of representation, dramatic power in conception, and impassioned feeling, notwithstanding the fact that, while now American art is in danger of degenerating into sentimentality, once under the influence of the ideas which we have here presented, its danger will be that of sinking down to the vulgarly sensational. But let us not expect degeneracy; let us expect progress. Let us move in the direction of the great, the powerful, the magnificent. Let us ask for the splendor and opulence of Turner, the ideality of Scheffer, the passion of Delacroix, and the sublimity of Milton. For, to repeat the language of an English critic, “those who scan the horizon augur a great art-future for America. And it does not need a prophet to arise and point to the west in order to proclaim in what direction we are to look for a young and vigorous school.”

#### MEMORIES OF MEN OF MARK: LITERARY AND OTHER.

##### IV.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE was no lack, no scantiness of praise, in the manner in which Mr. Irving spoke of the writings of his contemporaries, and even of the younger and less experienced workers in the literary field which he had explored and so bountifully cultivated. Observe how cordially he speaks in one of his letters of his friend George Ticknor's work on Spain:

“It is capital—capital! It takes me back into dear old Spain, among all those scenes and customs that for years were my study and delight. No one who has not been in Spain can feel half the merit of your work. When I have once read it through, I shall keep it by me, like a Stilton cheese, and give a dig into it whenever I want a relishing morsel. I began to fear it would never see the light in my day, or that it might fare with you as with that good lady who went thirteen years with child, and then brought forth a little old man, who died in the course of a month of extreme old age. But you have produced three strapping volumes, full of life, and freshness, and vigor, and that will live for ever.”

But we closed our last number with a promise to show how Mr. Irving was honoring Mr. Cooper, at the same time that Mr. Cooper, in ignorance of the facts in the case, was publicly depreciating him. The following letter will sufficiently explain itself and the preceding remarks:

“MY DEAR CLARE:

“I have just read ‘The Pathfinder,’ and it has given me a still higher opinion than ever both of Cooper's head and heart. It is an admirable production, full of noble pictures of exalted virtue in the humbler paths of life. The characters of ‘The Pathfinder’ and ‘Mabel Dunham’ are noble conceptions, and capitally sustained. The old salt-water-tar captain, also, is a master-piece, with his nautical wisdom, his contempt for fresh water, and his point-no-point logic.

“Let no one say, after reading ‘Mabel Dunham,’ that Cooper cannot draw a female character. It is a beautiful illustration of the female virtue under curious trials, some of the most terrific, others of the most delicate and touching nature. The death-bed scene, where she prays beside her father, is one of the most affecting things I have ever read; and yet how completely free from every over-wrought sentiment or pathos!

“The proof to me of the great genius displayed in this work, is the few and simple elements with which the author has wrought out his effects. The story has nothing complicated; it is a mere straightforward narrative: the characters are few.

“I am interrupted by a call to breakfast: my father is about to set off, so I must break off.

“Very truly yours,

“WASHINGTON IRVING.”

In the same note, Mr. Irving requested us not to forget a promise he had made, “and that we shall see an extended notice of Cooper's writings in an early number of your magazine, in which the author will receive ample justice.”

This promise was admirably performed by Mr. Irving's life-long friend, Mr. Henry Brevoort, who translated for us, undoubtedly at Mr. Irving's request, the appreciative and eloquent critique of Balzac upon the great and characteristic features of Cooper's writings, accompanied by comments of the accomplished writer. Long afterward, Mr. Irving, one morning at “the Cottage,” called our attention to an article in the last *North American Review*, an early copy of which had been forwarded to him. It was from the pen of H. T. Tuckerman. Mr. Irving thought, as it “bore all the marks of that gentleman's fine taste, true American feeling, and chaste and scholarly manner.” It need scarcely be added that we took good care to see this criticism widely disseminated.

After the lamented death of our great novelist, we wrote to Mr. Irving, as one of the committee upon the Cooper



"Testimonial," asking him to furnish us with an appropriate sketch of Mr. Cooper's life and writings.

"SUNNYSIDE, October 6, 1851.

"MY DEAR CLARK :

"I am sorry to say that it is not in my power to act upon your suggestion, being incompetent at present to do justice to such a theme. In the course of a long ride last week through Sleepy Hollow, and parts adjacent, my horse came down with me, and gave me a fall that sent me home in some such bruised and battered plight as the hero of La Mancha after one of his forays. The same evening I had an attack of intermittent fever, which has hung about me ever since. Between the fall and the fever, I am at present good for nothing.

"I am anxious to know what the Cooper Committee, of which you are one, is doing, and when the general meeting is to take place. It ought not to be delayed much longer. Whatever tribute to his memory may be determined upon, I trust it will be met by the public in the same spirit which animated them in the days of his ripe renown. It has been suggested by some that of late years he has done much to awaken the hostility of the press, but I trust there is too much magnanimity in the gentlemen of the press to carry their resentments against such a man beyond the grave. With the nation, his name will remain a treasured property. His works form an invaluable part of our literature, and from the nature of their subjects are in some measure identified with our political and social history. His Leather Stocking Tales, and his Tales of the Sea—those eminent inventions of his genius—have opened regions of romance which he has made his own. Whoever ventures into with them hereafter, will be accused of treading in his footprints.

"While an author is living, he is apt to be judged by his works; and some of those written by Cooper in recent years have been somewhat caviled at. When an author is dead, he is judged by his best works; and those of Cooper excited enthusiasm at home and applause throughout the world. When his countrymen would do honor to his memory, let them think of those works.

"Yours very truly,

"WASHINGTON IRVING.

"L. GAYLORD CLARK, ESQ."

#### THE LAST FIRE.

THE First Fire one remember'd night  
Of chilly Fall we kindled : bright  
And beautiful were its gleams !  
Warming the New World all our own,  
And welcoming radiant future, shone  
That prophecy of our dreams !

Our window burn'd against the cold,  
And faces from the dark, behold,  
In transient halos came !  
The household troubadour of Mirth,  
The cricket, took with song our hearth  
And bless'd the blessing flame.

O flushing firelight, rosy warm !  
O walls, with many a floating form  
Of dreamy shade a-bloom !  
Fancy, by Love transfigured, wrought  
All miracles of tender thought,  
Transfiguring the room !

Beloved and bless'd and beautified,  
God-given Angel at my side !  
The winter came and went ;  
And never since the world began  
Grew sweeter happiness to man,  
Or tenderer content.

At dawn we leave the place so warm  
And bright with yon December's storm  
Nor cold nor shadow brought :  
The Last Fire clothes our walls to-night—  
Our window breathes its wonted light,  
But sadness haunts our thought.

By tenderest tides of feeling stir'd  
(Your heart brings tears for every word)  
I hear you murmur low :  
"Here blossom'd Home for you and me—  
Love walk'd without his glamony,  
And stood diviner so.

"Dear echoes, answering day by day!—  
We cannot take the past away !  
The threshold and the door,  
Where Love's familiar steps have been  
Repeated evermore within,  
Are dear for evermore!"

Yes, but the place beloved shall be  
Bequeath'd to loving Memory—  
The spirits of the place,  
The Larés of the household air,  
Born of the heart, the heart shall bear :  
They know no stranger's face.

The atmosphere we fill is ours :  
It moves with us its sun, its showers ;  
It is our world alone,  
Vivid with all our souls create,  
The plastic dream, the stone of Fate :  
We take and keep our own.

So let the Last Fire flame and fall,  
The ghostly ember-shadows crawl,  
The ashes fill the hearth :  
The cricket travels where we go,  
And Home is but the Heaven below,  
Transfiguring the Earth !

#### THE USE OF STEAM IN WAR.

IN more than a quarter of a century military men have foreseen that the use of steam was destined to work great changes in war. All acknowledged that it would greatly modify the problem of transportation of troops and supplies up to a certain distance from the scene of combat ; it was equally certain that naval battles would be decided in favor of the combatant possessing the best steam navy ; and some eminent authorities have even predicted that the great agent of modern civilization would be employed by armies on the field of battle as the motive and projecting power of engines of destruction. The Crimean campaign afforded a practical test of the value of steamships for transporting the supplies of a large army to great distances. That the experiment was eminently successful, need not be said at this late day ; but it is not going too far to assert that the Allies could not have conducted the siege of Sebastopol to a successful close without the aid of their steam transports. Only by means of them was it possible to insure the necessary rapidity and regularity in the arrival of re-enforcements and supplies for such masses of troops, and to avoid those losses of animals and material which would, with the old system of sailing vessels, have been so enormous as to have rendered the continuation of the siege next to impossible even for the great resources of England and France. Without the steam mercantile marine of England, it is almost certain that the Crimean campaign would never have been undertaken by the Allies ; and had it been, under those circumstances, rashly attempted, it is equally sure that they would have been compelled to abandon it with disastrous results.

The value of steamers to the Allies was greatly enhanced by the fact that the Russians possessed no railway south of Moscow, and were therefore obliged to march their troops nearly 900 miles over roads that are detestable during much of the year, and through a country where it is by no means always easy to obtain supplies for large bodies of men. That they lost frightfully in men during these long and arduous marches is a well-attested fact ; and it is also in the nature of things that many who survived the march reached their destination in no fit condition to withstand the severe hardships they were compelled to undergo in a besieged city. On the other hand, the Allies were able to bring their men fresh and in good health to their camps. We have said that the Allies could not have succeeded in the campaign without the assistance of their steamers ; it may be asserted with equal emphasis that they would have failed if the Russians had possessed a railway from Moscow or Warsaw to Simpheropol.

Prince Gortschakoff, the able premier of Russia, more than once urged the late Emperor Nicholas to decrease the numerical strength of his armies, and to apply the resulting savings to the development of the railway system of Russia, contending that an army of one-half the numerical strength of that maintained by Nicholas would then accomplish far more than the million of men so long the anxiety of Europe. Be that as it may, it is certain that the Crimean campaign proved the inestimable value of ocean steamers for military purposes ; and it may now be regarded as an axiom, that an ocean, however wide and tempestuous, is no longer in itself a sufficient safeguard to any country against invasion by considerable armies. Applying this to our own case, it follows that, in the event of a foreign war, we should no longer content ourselves with providing defensive arrangements adequate to resist such predatory raids as those which destroyed Washington and threatened New Orleans during our last war with England. If our antagonist be a maritime power that can control the ocean, and if he can secure a harbor and depot either near our borders or on our own shore, we must measure the probable weight of the attack much more by the strength of his disposable army than need have been done heretofore. In the Russian war of 1854 the use of railways for military purposes was too indirect to acquire special consideration ; their value was proved rather by their absence than by their employment, if we except the insignificant track constructed by the English from Balaklava to their camps. The Italian campaign of 1859 presented the first instance of the direct employment of railways in military operations on a large scale, and with decisive effect. Here they were employed not only for the transportation of supplies, but also to mass the troops for the first operations of the campaign almost within cannon range of the enemy, and in one instance at least to bring a limited number of re-enforcements to the actual field of combat.

By means of the Genoa and Alexandria Railway the French troops who arrived by water were rapidly massed near Alexandria and Tortona, while those who came by land were transported from Lyons by rail, making only a comparatively short march across Mount Cenis. The Austrians also made good use of their railways in rear of their base of operations for similar purposes. The operations of that campaign sufficed to prove the great value of railways to armies, and established the fact that they would greatly facilitate the operations of a campaign. It is, in fact, evident that, in the early period of the campaign in question, the Austrians would, with their overwhelming force, easily have gained possession of Turin and the debouches of the passes

of the Alps, and could have masked Genoa and Alexandria in spite of the utmost efforts of the gallant Sardinians, if the use of railways and steamers had not enabled the French to concentrate at Alexandria and Turin with such unexampled rapidity. In this instance, steam saved the kingdom of Sardinia, and with it the hopes of Italy. It nevertheless remained to be tested whether a railway could be successfully used in an enemy's country, and it was reserved for us to solve this question in the existing war, and to show to the world an example of the employment of railways and river steamers in warlike operations on the grandest scale, and under the most difficult circumstances. The problem has been successfully solved, for railways, steamboats, and the telegraph, have rendered movements practicable on our part which could not have been undertaken without them. They have also been of great advantage to the enemy ; but one of our surest guarantees of ultimate and permanent success lies in the fact that those resources of the rebels are being gradually and permanently destroyed, or are passing into our hands, while ours are steadily increasing. It is almost impossible for them to replace a steamer or locomotive destroyed, to build a new railroad, or obtain iron to repair an old one ; we encounter no such difficulty. Their most important lines of rail and river communication have passed into our hands, and in the campaigns which are yet to occur they will experience far greater difficulties than ever before, while our situation in these respects is very much more favorable than it was at the beginning of 1863. The employment of these new agents presents advantages and disadvantages, although the former far outweigh the latter. The chief difficulty is, that they are rather complex and delicate machines, easily damaged, and somewhat difficult to restore. The only points at which a wagon road can be seriously injured are the bridges, and when such a road is used for supplying an army it is sufficient to maintain a guard at each important bridge, and to send an escort with each convoy of wagons. But every foot of a railway is liable to injury, and must be carefully guarded or patrolled. This becomes a serious evil, and necessitates large detachments when the line of road is long and the partisans of the enemy active. It is quite impossible, with any force that can reasonably be spared from the active army, to make a long railway absolutely secure ; for small parties, even a single man, acquainted with the country, can often slip in at some point, and in a few minutes do a great deal of damage which may seriously delay the moving of trains. Since it is not practicable that a strong guard should accompany every train, it is often an easy matter for an active enemy to capture them by obstructing the track before and behind them. But, up to the point when it is possible to guard the road effectually with a reasonable force, these disadvantages are far more than counterbalanced by the ease and rapidity with which large amounts of supplies and large numbers of troops can be moved from point to point. On a railway in fair order a single engine can readily draw 200 tons at 10 miles per hour. From Chattanooga to Louisville is by rail about 330 miles, which distance can be made with certainty in 48 hours, allowing a large margin for delays. To perform the same work, would require a train of at least 200 six-mule wagons, and would occupy about 22 days. For an army of 100,000 men, 600 tons is not a large estimate for the gross weight of its daily supply of rations, forage, and other necessary articles. This would require three railway trains per diem, or 600 wagons if hauled over common roads. Allowing 22 days for a wagon train to march from Louisville to Chattanooga, one day to unload, 15 to return empty, 3 to load up and refit, it would require 41 days to make the round trip. Thus there would be necessary 41 trains, or 24,000 wagons and 150,000 mules, to keep an army of 100,000 men at Chattanooga supplied from day to day from Louisville. To supply them from Nashville, would require about 21 trains, or 12,600 wagons and 76,000 mules. As 100 wagons occupy about one mile when marching in single file, each train of 600 will take up six miles ; the 21 trains en route between Nashville and Chattanooga would occupy 126 of the 150 miles of road ; and the 41 trains between Louisville and Chattanooga would cover 246 of the 330 miles of road.

These facts will give some idea of the crowded and almost impassable condition of a wagon road when used as the line of supply of a large army at some considerable distance from its base. To supply the same army at Chattanooga by rail from Nashville, would require 3 engines and 60 cars per day, in all 18 engines and 360 cars—doubling the number strictly necessary in order to provide against accidents. The cost of this rolling stock would not exceed \$750,000, and the daily expense of running would not be more than \$1,500. On the other hand, the original cost of the 12,600 wagons and 76,000 mules would be not far from \$14,000,000, and the daily expenses something like \$40,000, not including repairs and replacing broken-down animals.

The figures given above, although from the nature of the case perhaps not strictly accurate, are yet near enough to the truth to be taken as the basis of comparison, and suffice to show the immense advantages gained by the use of railways for military purposes in economy, regularity, and rapidity. The greater the distance from the army to its base of supplies, the greater will be the advantage of the employ-



ment of railways. The practical limit of the distance up to which railways can be employed in an enemy's country cannot be fixed with exactness *a priori*, but is determined by the amount of rolling-stock available, and the possibility of protecting the road and trains against the enemy, and will necessarily vary between very wide limits. So far as the movements of troops are concerned, railways can be used only to concentrate them on the original base of operations, and subsequently to bring up re-enforcements to the vicinity of the main body; but when an army is once engaged in active operations, its movements must all be made by marching, and the railway can be depended upon only when covered by the main army.

#### WANDERINGS IN THE TRACK OF THE NORTHMEN.

##### IV.

##### SCANDINAVIA.

FEW cities in the world can compare in beauty with the Swedish capital. The Baltic and the Malar Lake, with the green islands, rugged hills, and finely wooded parks, give it a natural scenery almost unequalled. The noble palace rising in the center of the city, visible on every side, the mingling of quaint and beautiful buildings along the various streets, the gardens and the villas, the air of contentment among the people, and more than this, their evident enjoyment of these beauties, and cordial politeness toward strangers, all give a charm to the metropolis the more delightful, perhaps, because unexpected in a northern city. Under the guidance of Professor Anderson, one of the distinguished Swedish botanists, we were able to admire the fine collections in Natural History, and learn all that could be wished of the people and the place. Sweden is the land of iron, as the museums and warehouses of Stockholm abundantly testify. She has, besides, abundance of other mineral treasures, though the precious metals are not common—probably a blessing to the country. Some, perhaps, will look to Norway and Sweden, rather than to Asia, as the source of the gold and bronze so abundant in the Copenhagen Museum, and still buried in greater quantities, undoubtedly, beneath the peat-bogs of Denmark.

Among the novel attractions of Stockholm are the Dalecarlian boat-girls, who every summer leave their northern homes and come to the city to earn their marriage portions. The boating on the Malar Lake is almost entirely in their hands, though the little steamboats are beginning to make sad inroads upon the profits of the poor girls. But their curious costume and smiling faces, browned by the almost constant exposure to the sun, attract crowds of strangers, who patronize them for the novelty as well as for the enjoyment of boating upon the beautiful Malar. The little girls not large enough to manage boats are busy selling hairwork ornaments which their older sisters have manufactured in the winter. It is difficult to believe that those graceful children will in a few years, probably, become like their brawny-armed, sunburnt, awkward sisters who do the boating. Hard work in the open air is not a promoter of female beauty. The peasant women along the canal and the older Dalecarlian girls show that the effect of such hardship is to make hags rather than to increase true womanly beauty. The coarse and sunburnt face, huge rough hands, and heavy shuffling gait, are in striking and unpleasant contrast with the ease and polish of their more wealthy sisters moving gracefully along the same streets. The loudest claimant of woman's rights would hardly demand among her rights the privilege of becoming like these hard-laboring peasants.

In the palace the king lay unconscious, the people hourly expecting his death. As we stood in the square, an aged lady, before whom all the officials fell back with reverential homage, passed up the royal stairway. It was the wife of Bernadotte going to the chamber of the dying king, her son. In the Riddarholms Kyrkan, where sleep so many Swedish kings, surrounded by trophies of victorious battle-fields, the great vault was building for the Bernadotte dynasty. The next morning the courier passed us at full speed announcing at every post the death of King Oscar.

North of Stockholm, on the river Fyris, is Upsala, the Mecca to which every naturalist desires to make a pilgrimage. It is easily reached by passing up an arm of the Malar and the river by steamer. Here is the scene of the labors of Linnaeus, the great master among naturalists, and here in the cathedral he rests with Gustavus Vasa and other Swedish kings. Men come to look at the tomb of Linnaeus beneath the great organ, and when they have seen that, the guide may show them the tomb and relics of kings if he pleases. But how little are they thought of or known compared with the king of naturalists! The great master spirit seems still reigning in the place. His statue seems almost ready to proclaim the beauties of his beloved *Linnaea borealis*, which lies before him. In the garden we gathered leaves from shrubs which he planted, and on the hills and along the river side were scattered the flowers which he described. Here were the hills and here the valleys where he had led his admiring pupils fired with his own enthusiasm. The venerable Fries now occupies his chair, a worthy successor in his admiration for the great man and in the work which he has himself accomplished for science. As he talks only

Latin and Swedish, it needed the aid of his charming daughter, Miss Sanna, to make the party perfect. Long will be remembered the genial hospitality enjoyed in the home of Linnaeus.

Reluctantly I bid adieu to Upsala, returning to Stockholm to complete my visit there, and prepare for my journey across the Norwegian Alps. Two places visited on the last day spent in Stockholm have left upon the mind the most vivid impressions. One was the laboratory of Berzelius. It remains as he left it, and so will remain for ever. The chair still sits by the table, the pen and note-book are ready for use; everything so prepared for work that you can hardly realize that the rooms have been so long silent, and that the fires will never be lighted again by the great master of chemistry. The small apartments and simple apparatus are in striking contrast with the showy pretensions of some modern laboratories. But here even royal pupils thought it an honor to learn from such a master, and here were brought out those laborious results that have done so much for chemical science and have made the name of Berzelius immortal.

The second place was Mosebaken, the hill that overlooks the city. Here I remained long after the professor had left me, while the sun far in the north lingered above the horizon, throwing his golden rays upon a scene beautiful beyond description. The windows of the palace sent back the gorgeous light of the gold and crimson clouds; the Malar, smooth as glass, was covered with gayly decorated boats moving as by enchantment among its fairy islands; from the city came the softened hum of business, becoming fainter and fainter, while the joyous sounds from the waters and the islands swelled to a chorus of delight. Sweet, soft strains of music came floating through the air,

"Till twilight dropped her curtain down  
And pinned it with a star."

#### AMERICAN CRITICISM.

IN the third number of Dr. Johnson's Rambler—that book without which no gentleman's library is complete, and which no gentleman nowadays ever reads—there is an allegory on criticism, written in very choice Johnsonese, wherein we are told that when the Muses condescended to visit this lower world, they came accompanied by Criticism, to whom Justice gave a scepter, one end of which was tinged with ambrosia and inwreathed with a golden foliage of amaranths and bays, and the other end was encircled with cypress and poppies, and dipped in the waters of oblivion. In her left hand she bore a torch, manufactured by Labor, and lighted by Truth, which shewed everything in its true form, however disguised to common eyes. Whatever was brought before her which bore the test of this torch of Truth, she touched with the amarantine end of the scepter, and consigned it to immortality. Whatever was shown to be tainted with gross faults caused her to reverse the scepter, and to let fall upon it drops of Lethe distilled from the poppies and cypress, which soon destroyed its substance. But in time Criticism grew weary of her task, finding so many works in which beauties and faults were equally mingled, and left them to the slow but sure decision of Time. But before her departure from earth, she broke her scepter, of which the shivers that formed the ambrosial end were caught up by Flattery, and those that had been infected by the waters of Lethe were seized by Malevolence; and each end was used without favor or discrimination. But the scepter has now lost its power; and Time passes his sentence at leisure, without any regard to their determinations.

This allegory expresses in a stately way the leading principles on which sound criticism should be conducted. The productions of an author should be examined carefully, and in a candid spirit; neither flattery nor malevolence should preside over the investigation; the beauties and the faults should be conscientiously scanned, and praise or blame be awarded as the scale should preponderate. This is ideal criticism. But, like everything of ideal excellence, it is not found in great abundance on this imperfect earth; and it is very certain that Dr. Johnson himself in his critical judgments did not "reck his own rede." His "Lives of the Poets" is his ablest and most popular work; but it is not more a monument of his analyzing and discriminating faculty and general vigor of mind, than it is of his inveterate prejudices. These last are particularly shown in his lives of Milton and Gray; and though he especially hated Milton as a republican and a Puritan, there is no doubt that he had a mental inclination against them both, simply because they were Cambridge men. Gray, though nominally a Whig, was so exclusively a man of letters, that politics could not have had much to do with Johnson's harsh judgments. Addison was an Oxford man, but then he was a Whig; and this warps somewhat the critic's discernment. His estimates of Swift and Lord Lyttleton are both discolored by prejudice, and possibly of a purely personal origin.

But besides the distorting and discolored influences which are peculiar to each individual mind, there are elements of a wider sweep and broader range which interfere with strict justice in criticism, and give to whole classes of minds an inclination in one direction. In England, France,

Germany, America, criticism is modified by causes which are peculiar to each country, and give a certain national flavor to the judgments passed upon books and writers. What are some of the marked characteristics of American life and American institutions which are to be traced in our criticisms?

First of all is the acrimony of our politics. Not that this element is not felt in other countries, but it is peculiarly strong here. We Americans are intense in everything, and it would be strange indeed if we were not so in the most absorbing and exciting of all secular interests. No one here is out of the range and sphere of politics, and most of our men of letters are decided, not to say ardent, politicians. At this moment nine-tenths of them belong to the republican party, and it is certain that a book written by a republican writer is welcomed in a very different spirit from a book written by a democrat. Mr. Hawthorne is almost the only man in the country whose literary genius could have saved a book dedicated to Franklin Pierce from falling still-born from the press. But surely literary merit is a quality distinct from political opinions. Wordsworth was a Tory, Campbell was a Whig, Shelley was a Radical; but they all wrote good poetry. We despise the bigotry that weighed the productions of men like these in political scales; but let us not slide into the same unworthy narrowness ourselves. It is a good rule to be particularly careful to do full justice to the literary merits of a writer from whom we are constrained to differ, whether in religion or politics.

There is yet another element in our country which makes itself felt in the region of politics. Ours is a land of vast extent, with several local capitals, but no one metropolis; at least, no one which has the same influence and position as London or Paris. Thus we have local prepossessions and prejudices which affect our critical judgments. Boston has its literary clique or coterie, and so has New York. The estimates of one of these capitals will not be quite confirmed by the wits and critics of the other. We see the same thing in Germany. Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Munich, are local centers of intellectual influence, in which an author, consciously or unconsciously, writes for the public which is around him, and if he can secure their favor he is content. The fiat of London is supreme within the realm of England, but Edinburgh still wears the crown and scepter of a local sovereignty in critical matters. No journals in Great Britain have a more potent voice than the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, and for many years the former, under the control of Jeffrey, was an absolute despot in the realms of taste. But Paris is in criticism, as in all things, the metropolis of France. Its word is law in the most remote corner of the provinces. The fate of a book that is settled here is settled wherever the French language is spoken. There are some advantages, and some disadvantages, in a number of local capitals, each with its own school of critics; but to discuss the question in all its bearings would swell our article to too great a length. We will mention a single case in illustration of the effects of the state of things here. The novels of Cooper, in our opinion, have not received from the critical journals of New England quite so liberal a meed of praise as they deserve; and this may be one explanation of that dislike of New England which occasionally crops out in his books—especially those written late in life. Our points might be further illustrated by a reference to living authors, but this might lead us into dangerous ground.

It seems to us that American criticism is deficient in a just and discriminating severity, especially the criticism found in the daily newspaper press. Our writers are too apt to fall into a vague way of laudatory twaddle, which leads to the suspicion that the critic has never read the book which he bedaubes with unmeaning praise. While we deprecate anything like virulence or indiscriminate severity, we think that criticism should keep a rod in pickle for impertinence, affectation, flippancy, and even presumptuous mediocrity. The consequence of this over good-nature is, that many books are written and published in America which do not deserve the honors of the press, and are, in short, utterly worthless. Now the man who prints a worthless book, which has no merit in form or substance, which is made up merely by plunder from other books, ought to receive a punishment so condign that he will never venture to repeat the offense. But we have again and again seen books of this class bepraised in newspapers in a way that almost amounted to a breach of the moral law. This tendency to over-praise may be an amiable weakness, but it is still a weakness. It is the same thing with the actors and singers who come here from Europe. We spoil them by our good-natured indulgence, and the consequence is that they fall into slovenly habits, and when they go back they have to be corrected by the discipline of very distinct hisses. An author or an actor should be generously praised when he deserves it; but it is no kindness to either to withhold censure when that is demanded by justice.

One reason of this defect in our criticism may be that the relation between publishers and the periodical press is not exactly what it should be. The publishers are too strong and the press is too weak. We fear that not a few editors are restrained from saying that a poor book is a poor book simply by the fear that the publisher will withdraw his



advertising patronage, or not remember the paper in the distribution of his future publications. Literature can never be in a truly healthy condition with us until it is emancipated from a bondage so degrading as this. But in this, as in all other matters, we shall improve with time; and the progress we have made in the past is an assurance that we shall continue to advance in the future.

#### OLD LETTERS.

I ALWAYS keep my letters, and occasionally, on some dreary autumn or winter day, I drag from its hiding-place of a twelvemonth the little old trunk that for generations has been a heirloom in the family, and, bringing it out into the light and heat of my pleasant study, reanimate the lifeless forms that lie buried within its black sides, and spend half the day in walking with these old friends the dreamy paths of passed-away. What care I though aged trees creak dismally and wave their branches in speechless supplication for quiet and peace in their declining years, and the evergreens sigh mournfully as the chilling winds rush through them and stay not to dally with their graceful leaves as did the summer breezes—though the old house moan and rock from cellar to garret, and the rats go scampering through the wainscot at sound of the unusual tumult? I and my cheerful fire and these old letters are having a grand reunion, and the nectar of memory has made me oblivious of the outer world to-day.

Here are packets yellow with time that often, deep in the stillness of a winter's night, have been opened and coned through the lens of a tear-drop as thoughts of school-days away from home with gentle counsels and anxious inquiries after health came linked with the familiar words. The needed hints in regard to the improvement of time and the value of money; home advice as to the repairing of a garment, and questions as to whether others will last through the term; cheering words of comfort among strangers, and assurances of love and fond remembrance among the dear ones, written with the intention of lightening the burden of home-sickness, but from their very kindness adding much thereto;—all these and more are familiar as household words, and need only a sight of the hastily written address to be called again into consciousness.

Here are packages of later origin, each marked with the inevitable stamp—letters from true and tried friends, worth their weight in gold; letters of condolence, letters of joy; words of cheer for darkest hours, of reproof for vain thoughts and frivolous babblings; essays on politics and public economy, to prove the wisdom of the writer and the patience of the reader; two-sheeted craft laden with ballast and trumpery; fair missives crossed and recrossed till one is reminded of the illustrations of a sewing-machine's unravelling stitch; selections of poetry; pressed flowers; dunning letters. Oh, he that has no little black trunk stowed away in a corner for a twelvemonth to pull out on such a dark and gloomy day as this, never knows the joy and pleasure of old letters from faithful and foolish friends!

Here is one from a pet, the schoolmaster's pet, who in twelve years seemed to have united the experience and wisdom of many women of twenty-five with the grace and loveliness of childhood, and to have answered the call of the Father with precious armfuls gathered in her short career. See how carefully it is punctuated for the teacher's critical eye, and with what earnest desire the short fingers tried to make straight the long lines that would go crookedly any way; how, after the master has returned to his studies, she writes him, as "Most Dignified," "to do nothing to disgrace the high-sounding title of Senior, not even to put his feet on the mantel-piece;" "to beware of the silken meshes of Love's net;" and mixes in occasionally, burning with the fire of her last and newest study, a few well-chosen French phrases, setting off thereby more fully the beauty and purity of her child-English.

Love letters? Of course. That packet in the corner there, none of these bound with cotton strings or rubber bands, but the one tied with a blue ribbon, a little soiled I perceive, the bare sight of which gives me that dizziness Burns speaks of, and sets me at the old wondering whether single life be not contemptibly selfish and unnatural. See how the rollicking words go tripping over the tinted page to the rarest and sweetest music that ever floats through human life; with what careless grace the most sedate and dignified letters join hands with their coquettish little partners and tiptoe on as the delicious surges rise and sink. See those great top-heavy, tumble-down T's and F's come rolling in, almost staggering with the amount of purple life that has mounted to their brains, as if they had drunk too deeply of the strong wine of Love; while here and there is an A or an N with its feet planted firmly, striving to withstand with its sober dignity the mad march of its thoughtless companions. And so we run through the packet. The alphabet is having a grand gala-day—look at that jolly B nearly splitting its sides with laughter—and poor commonplace words are dressed with most becoming witchery. But, stop! here are some at the bottom of the package that look more sober, even downcast. The big capitals are all in strait-jackets, and the little cheery letters are as demure as stealthy-paced,

white-clad nuns. 'Tis too much like a mad-house, or a funeral of a dead hope; let us tie them up again and lay them away in their corner; and, reader, I'll carry the little trunk back to its hiding-place till I can see more clearly—it grows dark so suddenly these winter days—and wait till the storm howls less furiously down the big chimney and sends less pitiful wailings through every crevice and cranny, ere I show you more of its treasures.

#### REVIEWS.

##### GENERAL McCLELLAN IN HISTORY.\*

IT is quite time that full justice be done to General McClellan. His own report of his military operations, from his assumption of command in Western Virginia to his removal from the leadership of the army of the Potomac after the victory of Antietam, is in the hands of the public printer, and will soon be given to the public. A fair, temperate review of his military career has never yet been written, but it is time that it be attempted by some one competent to make an unbiased judgment. His own statements in connection with the reports of the Committee on the Conduct of the War furnish sufficient data upon which to form an estimate of his military ability and services.

It is idle at this late day to arraign either the administration or the republican party for their conduct toward General McClellan. We are among those who believe that Mr. Lincoln and his advisers have ever been desirous of doing what was best in all their movements to put down the rebellion. They have been ill advised and mistaken many times, but never once deliberately and consciously in the wrong. Nor are we disposed to blame the testy, impatient, egotistic temper of the American people during the early history of the war, which was taken advantage of to bring a really great military leader into disrepute. We must take men as we do events—as we find them. But justice should be done some time or other, and the administration must accept the verdict, if public opinion decides that it acted wrongly and unwisely in the case of General McClellan.

It was charged against that officer, that when he held the position of general-in-chief he really had no plans adequate to the occasion, and this belief, more than anything else, led to the acquiescence of the country in his removal from the supreme control of military affairs. Subsequent revelations have proved that he had a continental scheme equal to the occasion, and which would in all probability have ended the rebellion, or, at the worst, the close of the year 1862 would have found us where we now are at the close of 1863.

General McClellan, in the military policy he had marked out for himself, determined to strike at five strategic points, or rather he had in view five separate campaigns, any one of which would have inflicted a heavy blow upon the rebellion, but which, combined and successful, could hardly have failed to end it. He first equipped an army with the object of capturing the rebel capital, not because of its strategic importance, but from the moral effect such capture would have produced both in the Confederacy and abroad. He next designed and prepared for an expedition to capture Charleston, not on account of its strategic importance, but also for the moral effect which would result from the possession by the Union forces of that point where the rebellion originated. In his instructions to General Buell, it will be found that he early appreciated the importance of immediately occupying East Tennessee, with a view of isolating the South Atlantic from the Gulf states, and getting possession of the range of mountains that jut into the rebel territory and permanently divide the region lying between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. All his instructions and orders to General Buell had this object clearly in view. The capture of the Tennessee valley, which was subsequently made, was no part of his plan, and, as we will presently show, was a questionable benefit to the Union cause. Had East Tennessee been taken possession of in the spring of 1862, and the loyal people there relieved from the tyranny of the rebel government, the dreadful battles which have since drenched with blood the soil of Tennessee and Northern Georgia would never have been fought, nor would any of the many invasions of Kentucky by Bragg and Morgan have occurred. The war, in fact, would have been half ended before it had fairly begun. Another of the strategic movements planned by General McClellan will be found in his instructions to General Butler previous to the capture of New Orleans. This document is a marvel of military sagacity, and places its author among the first cabinet strategists of the age. He did not desire the capture of the city until General Butler had at least twenty-eight thousand men under his command. He predicted that Forts St. Philip and Jackson were the only impediments to the possession of the city, and the event proved the correctness of his judgment. But the taking of New Orleans was only a small part of the campaign he had marked out. Butler was directed to seize, immediately on

\* Major-General George Brinton McClellan's report of his operations in Western Virginia during the fall of 1861, of the military movements while he was general-in-chief, and a history of the career of the Army of the Potomac up to the time of his removal from active service in the fall of 1862.

entering the city, the avenues of approach to it; then so much of Louisiana as was necessary to support New Orleans and keep at a distance the rebel armies; after which he was instructed to take possession of Natchez and Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. This last instruction, as we see by what subsequently occurred at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and all along Southern Mississippi, was of supreme importance. Had General Butler been able to obey orders and seize the capital of Mississippi, our military annals might not have been made glorious by the sieges of Vicksburg and Port Hudson; but within three months after the capture of New Orleans the aspect of the military map of the Southwest would have been as favorable as it now is, after the hideous waste of blood and treasure which it has cost to rescue that part of the country from the grasp of the rebellion. General McClellan's final object in the movements he contemplated, as will be seen by his report, was the deliverance of the line of the Mississippi from the grasp of the rebel government.

But he was relieved from command prematurely. The time had not arrived, nor had the preparations been made, for moving the armies he had designed to act in concert against the rebellion when Mr. Lincoln took from him the supreme control of the army and administered military affairs according to the ideas of leading members of the administration. General McClellan did not design that the grand campaign should commence until April, and his judgment has been singularly confirmed by the history of the war since then. All the movements of our armies in the winter of 1861, and the early spring of the following year, were premature. Our victories, from the untimely fruit they bore, were really disasters in disguise. Even the capture of Donelson, and the army it contained, is to be set down in our future annals as the most serious blow the Union cause received in the early history of the war. General McClellan's object in postponing the movements of our armies until the early part of April was, that they could all be simultaneous—that in one fell swoop General Buell should capture East Tennessee; General Sherman, Charleston; General Butler, New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Jackson; General Halleck, the line of the Mississippi; and himself the rebel capital. Had all these movements been successful, which it would not have been unreasonable to expect, there would have been no rebellion after July 4, 1862. Had any one of them been successful, it would have been a cruel blow to the Confederacy. But the opening of the campaign in the West in January and February, the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and the operations upon the upper Mississippi—all of which were against the advice and in defiance of the plans of the then commander-in-chief of the army—spoiled the whole grand campaign. The rebellion was then a mere shell. Davis subsequently acknowledged in his message that he had attempted to guard too many points. The Southern army was composed only of volunteers, and had the attacks been simultaneous the outer walls of the rebellion would have been broken down with comparative ease. The capture of Donelson spoiled everything. The Union armies in other quarters were in no condition for rapidly following up the blow. The rebels became thoroughly alarmed. The same February that saw the victory of Donelson, placed upon the legislative records of the Richmond government a stringent conscription law. New lines of defense were taken up. Every man that could be raised was pressed into the ranks. Everything was done that military science and the keen alarm of a ready-witted military people could suggest to make the Confederacy equal to the next emergency that should be forced upon it by the Union Government.

The campaign against New Orleans also opened prematurely. General Butler had barely enough troops to hold the city and was unable to reap the fruits of his victory. Instead of capturing the best part of Louisiana and occupying the capital of Mississippi, thus severing Texas from the Confederacy, he was hardly able to hold his own in New Orleans. The story of the military blunders, resulting in the costly sieges of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, would never have had to be written had the plans suggested by General McClellan been executed. It was found, too, when the movement was made upon Richmond, that the fatal blunder of the premature opening of the campaign in the West and in the Southwest had nerved the rebellion to put forth every effort to save its capital. Troops were hurried from all parts of the Confederacy to beat back the Union forces—and they succeeded. Nor was any advantage gained from the operations along the Atlantic coast, except in perfecting the blockade. It is in these points that history will justify General McClellan and condemn the administration for setting him aside at that critical period of the war.

The limits of this article will not permit us to discuss at length the Peninsular campaign. It is enough to say that it was under the general orders of Mr. Lincoln, and that it failed; nor have we anything to add touching the campaigns which followed the removal of General McClellan after the battle of Antietam. It is enough to know that, after the dreadful experiences of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, General Meade is to-day where General McClellan was when removed from command of that army, and certainly in no better position. We make these



remarks in no spirit of unkindness to the administration or Mr. Lincoln personally. We believe that the President acted from patriotic considerations, and did the best according to the light he had. Nor do we believe that the party who spurred him on to set aside the well-considered plans of the General-in-Chief, were animated by any other desire than a purpose to serve their country. Subsequent events have, however, placed them cruelly in the wrong, and they must accept the verdict which impartial military science will bestow upon them.

Nor do we claim that General McClellan himself was altogether blameless. His situation as commander-in-chief had a political as well as a military bearing. He had an eager, egotistic, wrong-headed political public sentiment to deal with, and he certainly showed no grasp of mind equal to the political situation. He considered solely the military problems, and, having satisfied himself of what was best to be done, undertook to do it entirely without regard to the existing public sentiment which controlled the administration. Nor was he altogether wise in refraining from military movements during the long interregnum he had marked out for himself before the opening of the campaign. He should have kept his army employed on small enterprises, which would have inured them to movements on the field and given them the baptism of blood before he risked his grand movements. It would have helped to discipline his raw soldiers, and stilled the clamor for action and blood which was demanded by the frenzied partisans of the party in power. He was unfortunate, also, in his political connections, which did not recognize the change in the relations of the government to slavery which was certain to be brought about by the continuance of the war. We do not object to General McClellan that he was a conservative, but he certainly made a mistake in allowing his enemies to give the country the impression that he was fearful of hurting slavery in restoring the Union. He should have paid greater deference to that opinion common to all men—that slavery is exceptional and wrong; that it is something to be finally gotten rid of, and not preserved; that its destruction is a good to be desired rather than an evil to be feared. We are not saying that these are General McClellan's real views; we only assert that he gave this impression to the country by his political associates, and that this fact was one that indirectly led to his downfall. Upon the publication of General McClellan's report we will consider this whole subject more at length.

#### THE HESSIANS IN THE REVOLUTION.\*

THAT the Indo-European or Caucasian race is the leading family of mankind,

"—the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time ;"

and that its Germanic branches, more or less pure—whether unmixed Teuton, Anglo-Saxon, Franco-Celtic, or Composite American—furnish its file-leaders and the champions of every genuine and prolific thought of modern days—these are truths which we hold to be as evangelical as that Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, correctly understood, are the birth-right and the destiny of the whole human species. Numerous are the means which it has pleased Divine Providence to employ in disseminating over the earth this goodly seed of Teut: their love of travel and adventure, not loath to take the kindred Norman graft of piracy, so palpable in our British brethren; their assimilative tendencies, whereby they make themselves everywhere at home, even as they once Germanized the Eternal City while Romanizing themselves; their habits of industry, wherewith, as their own poet says, they

"Gather on every plain honey they know not for whom ;"

their loyalty to their chiefs, which leads them to make their prince's foreign quarrel their own domestic grief, and his shrewd policy their plain interest.

The hated Hessian of our Revolutionary war came hither to fight against our fathers under this last influence. He had been brought up by the good old rule and simple plan to "fear God and honor the king," for Napoleon Bonaparte, the potent "*Robespierre à cheval*," had not yet leavened with new ideas the European lump. The type and representative hero of these old-fashioned docile men might well be seen in their commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-General Baron von Knyphausen, sitting, as he is depicted in the attractive production before us, on a rock in front of Fort Washington, New York Island, holding his watch in his hand till the one half-hour which he had granted the besieged Colonel Magaw for capitulation should expire, and looking down with contemptuous abhorrence on the captured rebel standards as they were successively laid at his feet. The "blinde Hess," even now not famed for insight, as this his standing title shows, must then have thought it the height of sentimental absurdity that his fidelity to the sovereign, who, in profound king-craft, had, by solemn treaty, sold him to Great Britain, should be imputed to him as the baseness of a hireling. This feeling, excusable in the anxious patriots of those pregnant days, has long subsided and given place

to an enlightened curiosity to learn from trustworthy German authorities the details, from their own point of view, of their countrymen's share in resisting our great appeal to arms.

Now appears the worthy Captain von Eelking—already favorably known to us as author of "The Life and Actions of General von Riedesel," commander of the Brunswickers in Burgoyne's expedition—with his two excellent volumes, which go very far toward satisfying our desire. If we can be allowed to pun, we will say that he bears an appropriate family-name, for the Eel is well known to be—forgive us, Max!—a scavenger of the waters, or, more delicately speaking, a gleaner of neglected matter, and Max is a king among such literary eels. He gives a list of no fewer than thirty-eight manuscripts—principally diaries kept by officers during the war—which have been made use of by him as sources of information. This being the fact, the work has that inimitable freshness and life-like movement which can never pertain to a stately history compiled from second-hand materials. The Life of Riedesel has, we believe, been overlooked by translators, and is, therefore, accessible only in German. That such should be long the case with the book which we are considering, we think quite impossible. It must, from its subject and the merit of its execution, eventually take rank, when Anglicized, as a standard and essential complement of all narratives of the war.

Many an interesting observation on the city of New York and its vicinity, during that fateful period, enlivens this new contribution to American historic literature. A few of these remarks we purpose to translate, by way of whetting the appetite of the antiquarian reader, till some painstaking linguist serve him up a full repast in the guise of a complete version. After an ocean-passage, on which the Hessians were so crowded, herring-like, between decks, that the oldest man was placed at their right wing to give a word of command when they had all lain till one side was "ripe," whereat all turned over on the other side, the troops disembarked, in August, 1776, on Staten Island.

"On landing, the Hessians were most joyously welcomed by the English, as a long-desired aid, with salvos of cannon and musketry. The officers, in particular, vied one with another to meet the Germans in a friendly manner, and invited them into their tents. General von Heister was asked to dinner by the British commander-in-chief. The English camp was on a rocky height advantageously situated, with a splendid view of the harbor of New York, and over a part of the interior country, as well as over the adjacent American camp on Long Island. The wonderful scenery, and the charm of novelty, after the long monotonous and toilsome voyage, cheered up officers and men."

"Immediately on their arrival, the German officers were obliged to have everything of silver removed from their uniforms, as the British had already done. The object was to make them less easily recognizable by the dreaded riflemen, who were especially fond of aiming at officers." p. 27, vol. i.

We have next a sketch of the condition of affairs in America at that moment, including curious pen-and-ink portraits of the two brothers, Lord Richard and Sir William Howe. Has a faithfully minute biography of the former, in succeeding years one of England's greatest naval heroes, ever been written? We think not. He it was, who, as we recall to mind from our anecdotal odds and ends, bore among the sailors the nickname "Black Dick," from his swarthy and serious countenance, and in whose honor, doubtless after his great victory over the French fleet off Ushant, June 1, 1794, was drunk the queer and very apt toast, "First and Second of David's Third!" which the sagacious reader may interpret for himself. A veracious life of the admiral, comprising, of course, proper notice of his brother, the popular, good-natured, bon-vivant general, who, fortunately for the American cause, filled a position originally destined for that Bengal tiger, Lord Clive, would, if well related by some judicious countryman of theirs, hardly fail to afford us important fact as well as amusing gossip. We are disposed to class with Carlyle's "books which are no books," the pompous and decorous "Life of Richard Earl Howe, K.G., Admiral of the Fleet, and General of Marines; by Sir John Barrow, Bart., F.R.S.," wherein we read that the mother of the two Howes was "Mary Sophia Charlotte, daughter of Baron Kielmansegge, Master of the Horse to George I., when Elector of Hanover, by Sophia Charlotte, daughter of Count Platen, of the Empire;" whereas it is no secret that she was the natural child of the Hanoverian "Defender of the Faith," Richard and William being thus, with a bar sinister, cousins-german to King George the Third's father, Frederick, Prince of Wales.

The battle of Long Island was now impending, and some of the newly arrived Hessians relieved a portion of the English troops hitherto posted on Staten Island, but destined to take part in that action. This movement gives occasion for a description of Staten Island and its inhabitants and neighbors at that date:

"Von Störn's brigade received the order to move forward upon the Jersey Sound, an arm of the sea which separates the island from the mainland, and there to relieve the 35th English regiment and a part of the 5th. In the morning of the 19th of August the brigade began its march, their tents and baggage being packed in wagons. The singular vehicles, small, painted red, and drawn by two little horses driven by a negro, appeared to the good Hessians new and strange enough. When the brigade arrived at its destined place, the English officers had the politeness to invite the Germans to dinner. The relief took place at nightfall. The advanced posts were stationed, which stood very near to and opposite those of the enemy on the other side of the narrow sound.

The entire brigade was distributed along the shore in small detachments. The regiment of body-guards took its position at Amboy Ferry. The camp was pitched in two lines, but in a few days had to be moved some distance backward, as the Americans fired across from the other side with their long rifles. The outposts being more and more molested in this way, Grenke, lieutenant of artillery, was directed to pitch a few cannon-balls into Amboy, after which the Americans behaved more quietly."

"The width of the sound might be a little over three hundred paces. The Americans on the other shore, who here saw for the first time the dreaded German strangers, collected themselves in crowds on the bank, more to satisfy their curiosity than to await a demonstration from this side. A Hessian officer says in his journal: 'They stretched their necks mightily long. Some among them were in uniform, but the most in the dress of a promiscuous rabble.'"

"The landing of the foreign re-enforcements had spread no slight terror among the Americans. Especially did they fear the Germans, whom they imagined to be half devils. A large part of the inhabitants had therefore fled with the greatest haste into the principal towns, particularly to New York, leaving their property, and even, to some extent, money and valuables. This dread was further increased when the troops took possession by force of the quarters assigned them, and refused at first by the obstinate inhabitants."

"The soldiers had been most urgently commanded by their superiors to exercise the greatest moderation toward the people, even those of hostile sentiments; for the hope of an amicable arrangement of differences was still cherished, and it was desired to spare 'his Majesty's subjects' as much as possible, and avoid everything that might irritate them still more."

"Such was the serious wish of the German generals as well as the British. But this moderation was, in many instances, not recognized; the billeted soldiers were met in the rudest manner, nay, there was even a disposition to kick them at once out of doors, which naturally gave occasion to all sorts of collisions and excesses, since officers and men considered themselves to be at war in an enemy's country. When the first fear and excitement of the population had passed away, and they perceived that, after all, they had no robbers or cannibals to deal with, the fugitives gradually returned, and were not a little surprised, not only to find their dwellings just as they had left them, but also their furniture, utensils—ay, even money and valuables, for the Germans, accustomed to discipline as they were, demanded no more than was due them. The mutual relations now assumed a more agreeable aspect, and not unfrequently some rank liberal treated his billeted inmate better than a guest, and carefully tended the sick or wounded soldiers."

"The portions of country thus taken possession of, situated in a mild climate, had, with their rich and changeable natural beauties, joined to their great fertility, the appearance of a paradise. The finest fruits, the most fragrant and beautiful flowers, grew here almost wild. Everywhere neat and cheerful country-houses and villages met the eye, and newly founded towns, which were manifestly growing. Almost universally, prosperity, even luxury, prevailed among the inhabitants, who with slight toil gained an easy and abundant return. Almost every little farmer had his cabriolet and his black servants. Although Staten Island and Long Island had, since the beginning of the war, been occupied, now by our side, now by the American, and had, therefore, been disputed points, yet this had left scarcely a trace behind. The newly arrived Germans wondered greatly how it could occur to people thus living in superfluity and comfort to rebel against a government under which they were apparently so well off. And how trifling were the imposts and taxes in this country compared with those of the German states! The country-nobleman in Germany lived hardly so much at his ease in his castle as the most ordinary agriculturist did here upon his farm." pp. 30-32, vol. i.

But military marauding is a genuine German practice, as the verb "to maraud" is a genuine German word, derived from the old Counts of Merode, noted freebooters in the Thirty Years' War, whose castle we have seen between Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne. The national trait developed itself in the subsequent stage of the contest, when reconciliation had become hopeless, and it was no longer thought worth while to treat the insurgents with forbearance. More particularly was this absence of restraint observed while Knyphausen commanded the garrison of New York during Sir Henry Clinton's successful expedition to the South. It was the celebrated winter of 1779-80, concerning whose severity we gain from Eelking some new facts:

"The ice on the East River was eighteen feet thick, a thing without precedent. The soldiers had to chop up old ships, and even fell the trees in the beautiful walks and gardens, as the only means of procuring necessary fuel. A small board cost from six to eight pence." p. 83, vol. ii.

For the privations and anxieties of this season, during which the city was accessible to the enemy on every side, the ice being, as is well known, strong enough to bear the transportation of heavy artillery from New York to Staten Island, Knyphausen, early in the ensuing spring, indemnified his men by a plundering excursion to Hackensack. The detachment consisted of English, Hessians, and Bayreuthers. Among the latter was a certain musketeer, Doebla, who has left on record the following naïve account of his winnings:

"We gained considerable booty, as well in money, silver watches, silver plates and spoons, as also in furniture, good clothes, fine English linen, silk stockings, gloves, and cravats, with other costly silk stuff, satin, and dry goods. My plunder, which I safely brought back with me, amounted to two silver watches, three silver buckle-rings, a pair of woman's woolen stockings, a pair of man's mixed summer stockings, two shirts and four chemises of fine English linen, two fine table-cloths, one silver tablespoon, and one silver teaspoon, five Spanish dollars and six York shillings in money. The rest, namely, eleven ells of fine linen, and over two dozen silk handkerchiefs, with six silver plates and a silver goblet, all tied together in a bundle, I had to throw away and leave to the pursuing army, on account of the long and rapid march." p. 86, vol. ii.

The city of New York, as it existed in those days, seems to have struck the strangers with admiration. Even at an advanced period of the war, when much injury and mischief must have been already done, troops are represented as marching with music through its "beautiful streets" to occupy their camp near Corlaer's Hook. (p. 48, vol. ii.) In the night between Sept. 20 and 21, 1776, one-third of the town had been reduced to ashes by a conflagration which

\* Die Deutschen Huestruppen in Nordamerikanischen Befreiungskriege, 1776 bis 1783. Von Max von Eelking.  
The German Auxiliary Troops in the North American War of Independence, 1776 to 1783. By Max von Eelking, Hanover. 1863. Two vols. 8vo, pp. 397 and 271.



writers agree in deeming accidental, but which for views as undoubtedly the act of a fanatic mob. It expresses his surprise, too, that no attempt has ever been made to give it the color of a great national sacrifice, which the burning of Moscow is wrongly supposed to have been. As early as the winter of 1776-7, the British army being encamped about one mile north of the city, in two masses, the left wing on the Hudson and the right on the East River, the sidewalks had begun to lose that peculiar ornament for which the New York of former days was so distinguished.

"Owing to the impending want of fuel, many of the beautiful trees had been cut down, which stood along the houses, on both sides of the streets, and were wont to yield a cooling shade amid the heat of the sun." p. 103, vol. i.

From his authorities Eelking proceeds to describe, as follows, the situation of things in New York at that time:

"On the harbor stood Fort St. George, a quadrangular work, with four bastions and mounted with twenty guns. Not far from it lay the former Government House and a chapel, in ruins since 1741, both buildings having been demolished in the Negro Insurrection of that epoch. Wooden barracks for the reception of the garrison had now been built within them. Another fortification of stone was situated beneath the former, on the water-side, extending along the point of the island, and mounting ninety cannon. It was particularly intended for the defense of the mouth of the Hudson. Along the East River stretched the fine streets, Queen and Water streets, in which wealth and luxury had chiefly gathered, for here lived the foremost men of the mercantile class in houses like palaces."

"Many churches served as prisons for the many prisoners." "As everywhere, so in New York, parties were at bitter variance. In spite of the stagnation of business, and although many families, the loyal as well as the liberal, had fled when the change occurred, yet great prosperity manifestly existed. At the helm of municipal affairs now stood royalists only, consisting of one mayor, seven aldermen, and as many members from the people. The city was divided into seven wards. Most of the male citizens were impressed as militia, and provided with arms for the defense of the town. Willingly would the Germans have taken up their winter-quarters in this great, rich, and every way agreeable place, but Howe assigned to a portion of them another station." pp. 103-104, vol. i.

Things wore another look in the season of 1782-3, just before the cessation of hostilities:

"On York, Staten, and Long Islands, hard work on the fortifications was kept steadily up during the winter, for another attack was expected here from the Americans and French. When the weather was too cold for digging, fascines and other things were got ready. Each German regiment gave daily 150, or even 200 men to the labor."

"On the 8th of January, the regiment of Body-Guards and Prince Carl's regiment marched to MacGowan's Pass, where the newly built barracks for these troops had just been finished. Here, too, intrenching went on without cessation. The greatest activity, however, was shown in and around New York. 'This little island'—says Dinklage's diary—"is being completely turned up. On every hill is a redoubt. No other trees than fruit-trees are to be seen upon it, and even these are no longer spared. The beautiful groves and walks are no more: in a word, the exquisite loveliness of this island has been converted into fearful ruin. It pains a well-disposed man to see destroyed in one day what it will take generations to restore." pp. 166-7, vol. ii.

We have already expressed our desire that this work may be translated. We also trust that it may be well edited. It is full of blunders which no one, perhaps, but a New Yorker is capable of thoroughly rectifying. Take, for instance, the passages last quoted. Without dwelling on Eelking's comparatively venial ignorance that MacGowan's Pass is on New York Island, at the northern extremity of the Central Park, we think he should have known that the Negro Plot of 1741 was, like the Popish Plot in England in 1678, a panic rather than a reality. The only burning connected with it was that of the thirteen wretched blacks who were in this manner savagely put to death where Pearl (then Queen) street intersects the present Chatham. The "Province House," so called, the building referred to by our author as in ruins, was accidentally consumed at midnight, Dec. 17, 1773. The family of Governor Tryon, who occupied it as his official residence, escaped with difficulty, his daughter leaping from the second story window, and her maid, who was afraid to follow her, losing her life. No great critical stress is to be laid on his mere peculiarities and mistakes in spelling, though laughable and too frequent: Wallabout for Wallabout; Heights of Guiana for Heights of Gowanus; Woodberrey; Vallay-Forge; New-Wark; Terrytown; Verglants-Point for Verplanck's Point; and many others. Who, we should like to know, was the "treacherous Oberst John," or Colonel John, of whom we find the following tale, quite new to us, in Eelking's account of the Battle of Long Island? Probably a Jones, whose honesty would, it seems, have been improved if Timothy Titcomb's letters to that numerous family had been in his days given to the world:

"Colonel John, of the rebels, is dead. A grenadier took him prisoner, and magnanimously granted him his life, telling him to go to the battalion in the rear, for the grenadier was a flanker. The colonel wanted cunningly to murder his captor from behind, and stealthily drew a pistol, but only wounded the arm of the grenadier, whereas the latter regaled him with three or four bayonet thrusts." pp. 40-1, vol. i.

But this writer has been betrayed into more serious inaccuracies. Not content with one great fire at New York in the autumn of 1776, the same conflagration which we have already mentioned, he treats us to another, Nov. 20, in which, as he asserts, Trinity church was destroyed. This is altogether imaginary and surprisingly confused. Trinity church was burned, with much of the lower part of the city, on the night of Sept. 20-21; and the patriots on the other side of the Hudson, at Paulus Hook, now Jersey City, are said to

have raised a loud hurra as its steeple sank in the flames. Our friend Eelking gives the following strange version of the occurrence:

"A portion of the exasperated populace had assembled on the hill of St. Paul's church, and contemplated with cannibal-like mirth and rough jests the destructive progress of the mighty flames. A wild shout of joy accompanied the fall of the tower of that fine old English house of God." p. 56, vol. i.

"Paulskirche" and "Paulus Hook" are here very curiously confounded. Our old St. Paul's still stands as it stood before the Revolution; and its spire, added, we think, since that period, but in the graceful English taste of Wren, Gibbs, and their school, really shames the two hideous abortions in white stone and brown, which deform the upper part of the Fifth avenue.

This is not the only error of fact we have detected in the work. But we have done with censure. The book is a good book, valuable as well as entertaining, and, when carefully translated, revised, and annotated, will be acknowledged by the American public to contain exact as well as animated pictures of the men and things of old.

#### HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.\*

THE history of doctrine, as a separate branch of theological study, is comparatively new in this country as well as in England. In Germany, however, it has long formed a distinct part of theological training. The history of theological opinions has, to be sure, been pursued, in one form or another, ever since Christian theology began to have a history. The fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries are accustomed to refer to the teachings of their predecessors, partly to illustrate their own opinions and partly to clothe them with authority. In the middle ages, in the scholastic period, doctrinal theology was taught in the schools historically. The manuals were compilations from Augustine, and other doctors of an earlier day, the received expounders of the Catholic faith. Master of Sentences, the title of Peter Lombard, whose text-book acquired the largest authority, indicates the source whence the material of this class of works was drawn. The schoolmen were largely occupied with expounding and systematizing the great legacy of thought and doctrine which had been handed down to them from an age more fertile and prolific than their own. The controversies of the period of the Reformation turned, to a considerable extent, upon points of history. Both Protestant and Roman Catholic explored the theology of the early church, and the subsequent variations from it, and brought forward in their conflicts abundant learning. The great English divines of that day, and of the next century, as Dr. Shedd has remarked, incidentally investigate the history of theological doctrines, and they have left in their writings a mass of solid learning of which the student now may thankfully avail himself. It was Petavius, however, the learned Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who opened the way, in his *De Theologicis Dogmatibus*, for the distinct and connected treatment of this subject. It was the work of Petavius that called out Bull's celebrated discussion of the Nicene doctrine of the Trinity, one of the most learned and valuable productions in the whole range of English theological literature. During the present century, not a few works upon the history of doctrine have been put forth by German theologians, and more lately by the French. Some of these works cover the whole field of theology, and others have it for their exclusive end to explain the rise and formation of some single dogma—as, for example, the treatises of Baur upon the history of the doctrine of the Trinity and of the doctrine of the Atonement, and the monograph of Dörner upon the doctrine of the Person of Christ. The standard writers upon general church history, also, such as Neander, Gieseler, Niedner, give to the history of doctrine a distinct and often a copious section of their works.

Thus Dr. Shedd, though without English models, is not without precursors in the department of learning to which he has been, for several years, principally devoted. This particular study is, we take leave to say, of essential use to the theologian, and is specially required here in America. If our theologians have been deficient in anything, it has been in learning. We believe, in fact, that the remark might be extended much further, and that the lack of knowledge is a prevailing evil among intellectual men in our country in other professions—that the amount of knowledge does not bear a just proportion to the degree of talent and mental activity which are witnessed among us. Learning is undervalued. But there is no active-minded theologian who would receive any detriment from the earnest study of historical theology; on the contrary, every such would be inspired and enriched, and better prepared for effective work, by attention to this science. We should be disposed to regard any faults in Dr. Shedd's work with leniency, it being the first attempt of the kind in American theology; but happily it stands in no need of indulgence. The author has been favorably known to the public through various essays, mostly on subjects of theology and metaphysical philosophy, and through an edition of Coleridge, which only lacked a good index—in this case a peculiar necessity—to make it

\* A History of Christian Doctrine, by William G. T. Shedd, D.D. In two volumes. Charles Scribner, New York, 1863.

all that could be desired. The present volumes are made up of lectures which were given during the author's connection with Andover Seminary. They are marked by the same striking power, both of thought and style, which had distinguished the previous publications to which we have just adverted. Although the work is entitled "A History of Doctrine," the plan of it is somewhat restricted. Heresies and latitudinarian views—even such heresies as Gnosticism—are described, if described at all, with much brevity. Most of the space is given to the subjects of the Trinity, of Sin and Regeneration by Grace, and of the Atonement. Athanasius, Augustine, and Anselm, are made the central figures. Other topics are briefly and rather hurriedly handled, though always without obscurity or vagueness. The doctrine of the Person of Christ is dispatched in about sixteen pages. Eschatology, in its various subordinate topics, is finished in thirty pages. There is no discussion of the doctrine concerning the Church and concerning the sacraments, save incidentally in the condensed chapters upon the symbols. Theology, since the seventeenth century, is not considered, except incidentally, and for the most part in compressed, suggestive foot-notes. In no other way is the long course of English theology touched upon. A plan of this character has, of course, the disadvantage of incompleteness. But, in this case at least, it is likewise attended with decided advantages. Dr. Shedd devotes his strength to a few doctrines of primary interest and importance, and in discussing these he fastens only on the salient points, the marked epochs, in their history. For most readers, the interest of his pages is heightened by their freedom from antiquarian matter, and from what many would think to be superfluous detail. Professor Shedd has avowedly followed his own bent in the selection of his prominent themes. In the list of books prefixed to each of the leading topics, it might, perhaps, be alleged that works of great value are not noticed, and that occasionally their place is filled by authors which, on the whole, have less merit—in short, that the selection is somewhat arbitrary. Yet Dr. Shedd has done wisely in referring the student, as far as practicable, to our standard English authorities; and he has made prominent the authors for whom he has felt a special predilection. Another marked feature of this work is noticed by the author himself in his preface. He lets it be seen that his convictions are strongly enlisted in favor of certain tenets in theology. The work is, in reality, an argument for the Nicene formulas of the Trinity, the Augustinian doctrine of Sin and Grace, and the Anselmic construction of the Atonement. Dr. Shedd is an earnest believer in the theory of a fall of the race in Adam. The realistic conception of the human race as an objective entity—of human nature as a unit—is at the foundation of his system. This human nature is individualized in the various members of the race, but it was all present, and they were all responsibly present, in the first man, and hence participated in his guilt and sin. Dr. Shedd joins to this tenet the Augustinian doctrines of the absolute inability of the fallen nature or the fallen will to good, unconditional predestination, and irresistible grace. He is, also, a warm advocate of the most rigorous conception of the Atonement—that which considers the work of Christ the substituted penalty of sin, and the absolute equivalent of the penalty threatened in the law. This work is an earnest plea in behalf of these dogmas. The polemical tone, though not in any narrow spirit, is maintained throughout. The disadvantage of such a course, and the danger, is that the discussion will not be sufficiently dispassionate, and that opposing views will hardly receive justice at the hands of the historian. On the other hand, life and animation are imparted to the work by the strong infusion of the sympathies and antipathies of the author. Professor Shedd writes in a strain of fervid argumentation. His own reflections are freely mingled with his analysis of orthodox and heterodox opinion, and these are often eloquent and impressive. It cannot be expected of those who dissent from his theological views, and are far from regarding the Calvinistic creeds of the seventeenth century as incapable of correction, that they shall be wholly satisfied with his reasonings. Yet even such will not fail to admire the ability discovered in these recondite investigations, as well as the transparency and vigor of style with which they are set forth. As a specimen of the author's power of condensation, we select, almost at random, a short passage in the remarks upon Pantheism. "The most profound and influential form of this species of infidelity," says Dr. Shedd, "appears in the Modern Church. It began with Spinoza's doctrine of '*substantia una et unica*,' and ended with Schelling and Hegel's so-called '*philosophy of identity*,' in which Spinozism received new forms, but no new matter. Spinoza precluded the possibility of a secondary substance created *de nihilo*, by his fundamental postulate that there is only one substance, endowed with two attributes, extension and thought. All material things are this substance, in the mode of extension; all immaterial things are this substance, in the mode of cognition. The first modification of the one only substance yields the physical world; the second, the mental world. There is but one substance, essence or being, ultimately; and this being is both cause and effect, agent and patient, in all evil and in all good, both physical and moral. Schelling's system is Spino-



zism with a prevailing attention to the one only substance as extended, i.e., to physical pantheism. Hegel's system is engaged with the one only substance as cogitative, and yields intellectual pantheism." (pp. 227, 228.)

We had marked a considerable number of passages in Dr. Shedd's work in respect to which we should take exception, either to the correctness of the statement, or of the argument connected with it. But we cannot here enter into these details. Yet we will not refrain from breaking a lance with the acute author upon the question of the validity of Anselm's famous ontological argument for the being of God. This demonstration Dr. Shedd asserts to be real and sound. Anselm's argument may be stated in brief as follows: We have the conception of a most perfect being. This being is either existent (objectively) or non-existent. But if he be supposed to be non-existent, or only contingently, possibly existent, we can conceive of another being having all his perfections and one more, viz., necessary (objective) existence; and thus, contrary to the supposition, the first is not the most perfect being conceivable. The idea of the most perfect being, therefore, proves his existence. The fallacy lying, as we think, in this argument was pointed out by Thomas Aquinas. It is arguing for the existence of a thing from the definition of a word. The word *God* denotes, to be sure, a being who is self-existent. The conception, which we may also grant to be a necessary conception, corresponds, of course, to the word which represents it. But the existence of the conception or concept no more proves the reality of the thing than the existence of the word proves it. The word *God* is defined in the same manner, whether the being exist or not—which is equivalent to saying that the conception is the same on either supposition. All that the argument proves is, that if *God* actually exist, his existence is not dependent on anything outside of himself, but is necessary. The capacity of the mind to frame the conception of a being who has all perfections, including that mode of existence termed necessary existence—nay, the inability of the mind to avoid having such a conception—affords no warrant for the conclusion that such a being really exists. There is a wide chasm between the thought and the thing, which the logic of Anselm fails to span.

There is one excellent feature of this doctrinal history which we had intended to notice more fully, and that is the use that is made of the best English theologians, such as Hooker, Pearson, and Howe, and the honor that is paid to their names. We have in our language a rich inheritance of theological learning and speculation which we have received from the great divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was then that theology flourished in England as it has never flourished since. In the department of doctrinal theology especially, the theologians of that fruitful period have left works of exceeding value. If on certain topics modern researches have rectified or supplanted former investigations, still, even in the sphere of historical and antiquarian study, the elder writers are still pre-eminent. Dr. Shedd has done a service in reminding his readers of this body of literature, which, we fear, is too much neglected by our clergy, for the reason that they fail to appreciate its value.

No one can read the volumes before us without perceiving that the author is strongly inclined to philosophical discussion and speculation. He begins by defining his conception of the nature of history in general, and of the history of doctrines in particular. In his exposition of the relation of dogmatic theology to Christian piety and Scriptural truth, and of the progress of which the first is capable, although furnished at the start with all its materials, we find little to object to. In the idea of history in general, however, the sharp affirmations and distinctions of the learned author will fail to secure a unanimous approval. The scope allowed, in his scheme, for the origination of action by the human will, and for the influence of human agency as a factor in shaping the phenomena of history, will not be deemed sufficient. After the one sin of Adam, the whole subsequent course of secular history is only an evolution—a development of the fallen will or nature in a process rigidly determined by law, for which the exact analogon is the process of development in the plant kingdom. And so, church history is the evolution of a single germ laid into the fallen race supernaturally—a regular, determined process, likewise from beginning to end. There are points for the intervention of miraculous agency. This intervenes at the beginning of the new historical development. There are points—or rather one point—where man's "probationary power" of contrary choice has free play. But with these exceptions in the interest of theism and human responsibility, all is a predetermined, regular process and progress, either downward or upward. There is much that is suggestive in this view, but we have our misgivings as to its being a full and correct representation of the true idea of history. There is a consistent, a divine plan, but this infolds human agency in such a manner that the latter has a larger and a different part to perform than the sharp-cut theory of our author admits.

In concluding this notice of what to us is a welcome addition to American theology, we are glad to be able to say that Professor Shedd has produced a thorough and instructive,

as well as a quickening and brilliant book. He has reason to thank Mr. Scribner for the beautiful typography and paper in which his work, the fruit of so much thought and labor, is given to the public.

#### "ROMANCES OF THE WAR."

IN the minds of most men a certain dignified solemnity connects itself inseparably with the idea of war. The gorgeous trappings of man and beast, the flapping of sanctified banners, the masses of moving humanity, the impressive effect of the

"—thunder of guns and the roll of drums  
And an army marching by,"

are all fraught with a high degree of something akin to sublimity. And especially is the battle-field a subject of awe. Beside its horrid heroism and terrible splendor all commonplace emotions seem hollow and heartless, though they may be earnest enough for everyday wear. In such company, then, flippancy becomes appalling.

Yet there is a sort of literature, based upon that prurient hunger for "sensation" which demands a nightly supper of bleeding hearts and water, that carries its flippancy and its commonplaces to the battle-field, and flaunts them in affected bombast above the fallen heroes who lie there, happy, it may be, in an eternal immunity from such trash. We mean the so-called "Romances of the War" so much in vogue among magazines and "story papers" during the two sorry years just past.

Of course, there is but one wretched thread of a plot to hang the incidents upon in these romances. Of course there is a noble young gentleman, an Apollo, in a white waistcoat, with "raven curls clustering about a marble brow," and a "low, sweet voice uttering burning words of love and making music richer than" various instruments, ranging from a flute to an Eolian harp, according to the taste of the writer. Of course, this young person wants to go to the war, and of course his lady-love, a maiden who lives, moves, and has her being in a "snowy tissue of *crêpe*"—these panderers to sensation are always strong in the direction of dry-goods—"trimmed simply but tastefully with coquettish knots of blue ribbon,"—of course, we say, this gorgeous being objects most strenuously, weeping "bitter tears" upon his coat-collar and murmuring—always murmuring—"I cannot spare you now!"

Then something happens. The "old flag" is fired upon in Charleston Harbor; or, if that is too threadbare, the lady's great uncle gets the worst of a meeting with a rebel bullet; or a wounded soldier shows his "bronzed and haggard" physiognomy in the village and fires Angelina Sophia's heart with a "tale of lofty deeds." Thereupon she consents to the departure of Augustus, and he "takes her gently to him as if she had been a child," and "imprints" a kiss—generally of the "long, last, lingering" sort—on her forehead or cheek or lips (seasoned to taste, as the cook-books say), and goes off in great splendor of uniform, and inevitably as a commissioned officer—rarely lower than a captain. There is no romance about the partings of common people. Any novellette writer will tell you that, tacitly at least.

Next comes the news of a battle, which must be a splendid victory, and the said news must "flash over the wires." Augustus is reported killed, or there would be no little wholesome agony to depict, and Angelina Sophia could not go about disheveled, with "stony eyes," and the "lines of her face sharper with pain." Even "jets of scalding tears" have been employed with effect.

This condition of things is continued long enough to weaken the reader-patient down to the proper state for harrowing, which operation requires a battle-scene, with blood and wounds *à fresco*. Augustus is shown as he appeared while slaying small detachments of rebels, usually described as "haughty foemen." Here come in such luxuries as "silver trumpet-peals and clash and clang of iron, crying voices, whistling, singing, screaming (why not fiddling?) shot, thunderous drum-rolls, sharp sheet of flame," etc., to which are tastefully added "spurts of warm blood upon the brow, the bullet rushing like a blast beside the ear, all the terrible tempest of attack trampled under the flashing hoof, climbing, clinching, slashing, back-falling, beneath cracking revolvers, hand to hand in the night"—mercy on us! we are out of breath, and fain to call for straws with which to ornament our hair after the manner of gibbering idiots upon the stage.

Naturally, Augustus is left under large "heaps of the slain," and the reader is supposed to consider him quite dead—a supposition rarely correct, if the reader has seen any two of these literary quagmires. At this juncture we are requested to "draw a veil over the sad scene" and return to Angelina Sophia, who is embroidering, or scraping lint, or meditating in black clothes, minutely described, under a sweet-apple tree in the back-garden of "her far-off Northern home."

The machinery here grows primitively simple. There is "a shadow on the sward, her name pronounced in the rich music of the voice she knew so well of old, and a burning kiss imprinted 'again' upon her brow." Arising, "she swoons in her lover's arms."

The Augustus whose name was in the list of killed was of

course another Augustus; or somebody saw him fall and reported him killed, when he only had a rib or two carried away. He is pale and interesting, needs attention and gets it; and the story ends with a wedding on the part of the couple, and a yawn on the part of the reader.

This tissue of flimsy plot, dreary platitude, and sickly sentiment, floods the market of to-day, and gives us a healthy fear of opening most of the popular magazines lest Angelina Sophia may weep and Augustus bleed on every page. If there be any earnestness, any worthiness, any dignity, in the profession of arms, why do not our warriors rise in protest against such a strange farrago of the namby-pamby and the disgusting? Augustus is not a type of the commissioned officer, nor Angelina Sophia a specimen of the girl he leaves behind him. The nation could well spare all romances of the war until its dreadful realities are a little draped by time; but if they must be written, let it be in wholesome English, simply constructed, with real men and women in the place of heroes and heroines, and real events in the place of these musky, high-scented tableaux, redolent of falsity and garish with the dissimulative rouge and plaster of a prostituted literature.

If there be no other reason, this wholesale demoralization of "light writing" should weigh heavily as an inducement for the termination of hostilities. The horrors of war are numerous and great, but its romances, so-called, are hardly better; and we sincerely implore all young ladies and gentlemen of budding talent and limited experience to refrain, henceforth, from doing feeble violence to our noble language in their frantic endeavors to gild the fine gold of heroism, and paint, with unctuous carmine and rose-pink,

"—the blood-red blossom of war, with a heart of fire!"

#### DRAMA.

##### THE THEATERS AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

We have mentioned some of the principal reasons or causes why the Drama and Dramatic criticism in this city are at a standard so far below their merits. There is one more, and an important branch of the subject which seems to demand a few words, and that is the manner in which the public press has dealt with public entertainments; we mean now the publishers and editors, and not especially the critics, although the latter in most offices are but tools to execute the fiat of the counting-room.

Many years ago a paper in this city excluded from all mention in its columns every theater that did not have its bills printed in a job office owned by the proprietor of the paper referred to. It is easy to see what favors would follow to those that called for extra printing; and it is well known that the plan worked to a charm; that for many years every manager in New York came under the iron rule, and paid extra prices for bad work, in order to secure either the weekly free advertisement by its "independent" critic, or escape (in some instances) direct and outrageous abuse. If we mistake not, that stirring, wide-awake manager, P. T. Barnum, has had experiences of the sort; so had the late Thomas S. Hamblin, and others. Disgraceful as this was, and much as rival papers censured and scolded about it, it has come to be very generally adopted by the New York press. Some are wholly and openly mercenary, giving *carte blanche* to managers to print whatever puffs they please as editorial opinions, provided the indispensable long advertisement accompanies the critique. Others are "more coy," and profess an independence they do not feel when they concede the notice, with an intimation that it must be their own doing, and the advertiser must not take it hard if his work should be censured. Yet it is matter of record that such instances result almost invariably in highly flattering compliments. Some shrewd managers rather prefer abuse, but the newspapers are getting smart in that way (which still further proves the mercenary character of their programme), and no longer fall into the trap. Solemn silence—of all things the most cruel to the victim—now generally rewards those who refuse to patronize in the regular way. Then, again, under the influence of the Bohemian crew, a further improvement has been made, which is that a manager shall advertise exactly the same amount in each paper—that if he gives the *Daily Bosh* a hundred lines he shall do just as much for the *Weekly Scurrility*, on pain of being altogether ignored by the *Scurrility's* critic. This may sound like exaggeration, but we protest that it is the simple fact, and defy contradiction from any truthful source.

Now, such are some of the reasons why manly, independent, honest criticism of plays and play-houses has never flourished in New York. Now and then some attempt has been made in that way, but it could not long survive the pressure of the publisher's greed. If there did not appear a nicely graduated balance between the critique and the advertising bill, the rash author of the former was requested to moderate his zeal for Shakespeare, and pay a little more attention to the Bonner-like patronage of the man who exhibited some Punch and Judy show and covered a page with startling type. So it has happened that nearly all really capable and honorable writers on such matters have been supplanted by fellows whose chief value consists in their successful canvassing for advertisements and their keen appreciation of the price per line. Managers and players are even standing upon their rights in the matter, and if anything is said that jars upon their nerves, in comes a complaint that they are abused in spite of "that column advertisement;" the publisher apologizes, the critic gets a significant caution, the stereotype flattery is renewed, and all goes smoothly—the actor laughing in his sleeve at praise which he knows is undeserved, the manager equally rejoiced at the dust thrown in the eyes of the public, the publisher happy in the receipt of his weekly check, and the critic—poor devil, let him go!

Being young and modest, we except ourselves from this sweep-



American writers agree in deeming accidental, but which our author views as undoubtedly the act of a fanatic mob. He expresses his surprise, too, that no attempt has ever been made to give it the color of a great national sacrifice, which the burning of Moscow is wrongly supposed to have been. As early as the winter of 1776-7, the British army being encamped about one mile north of the city, in two masses, the left wing on the Hudson and the right on the East River, the sidewalks had begun to lose that peculiar ornament for which the New York of former days was so distinguished.

"Owing to the impending want of fuel, many of the beautiful trees had been cut down, which stood along the houses, on both sides of the streets, and were wont to yield a cooling shade amid the heat of the sun." p. 103, vol. i.

From his authorities Eelking proceeds to describe, as follows, the situation of things in New York at that time:

"On the harbor stood Fort St. George, a quadrangular work, with four bastions and mounted with twenty guns. Not far from it lay the former Government House and a chapel, in ruins since 1741, both buildings having been demolished in the Negro Insurrection of that epoch. Wooden barracks for the reception of the garrison had now been built within them. Another fortification of stone was situated beneath the former, on the water-side, extending along the point of the island, and mounting ninety cannon. It was particularly intended for the defense of the mouth of the Hudson. Along the East River stretched the fine streets, Queen and Water streets, in which wealth and luxury had chiefly gathered, for here lived the foremost men of the mercantile class in houses like palaces."

"Many churches served as prisons for the many prisoners."

"As everywhere, so in New York, parties were at bitter variance. In spite of the stagnation of business, and although many families, the loyal as well as the liberal, had fled when the change occurred, yet great prosperity manifestly existed. At the helm of municipal affairs now stood royalists only, consisting of one mayor, seven aldermen, and as many members from the people. The city was divided into seven wards. Most of the male citizens were impressed as militia, and provided with arms for the defense of the town. Willingly would the Germans have taken up their winter-quarters in this great, rich, and every way agreeable place, but Howe assigned to a portion of them another station." pp. 103-104, vol. i.

Things were another look in the season of 1782-3, just before the cessation of hostilities:

"On York, Staten, and Long Islands, hard work on the fortifications was kept steadily up during the winter, for another attack was expected here from the Americans and French. When the weather was too cold for digging, fascines and other things were got ready. Each German regiment gave daily 150, or even 200 men to the labor."

"On the 8th of January, the regiment of Body-Guards and Prince Carl's regiment marched to MacGowan's Pass, where the newly built barracks for these troops had just been finished. Here, too, intrenching went on without cessation. The greatest activity, however, was shown in and around New York. 'This little island'—says Dinklage's diary—"is being completely turned up. On every hill is a redoubt. No other trees than fruit-trees are to be seen upon it, and even these are no longer spared. The beautiful groves and walks are no more: in a word, the exquisite loveliness of this island has been converted into fearful ruin. It pains a well-disposed man to see destroyed in one day what it will take generations to restore." pp. 166-7, vol. ii.

We have already expressed our desire that this work may be translated. We also trust that it may be well edited. It is full of blunders which no one, perhaps, but a New Yorker is capable of thoroughly rectifying. Take, for instance, the passages last quoted. Without dwelling on Eelking's comparatively venial ignorance that MacGowan's Pass is on New York Island, at the northern extremity of the Central Park, we think he should have known that the Negro Plot of 1741 was, like the Popish Plot in England in 1678, a panic rather than a reality. The only burning connected with it was that of the thirteen wretched blacks who were in this manner savagely put to death where Pearl (then Queen) street intersects the present Chatham. The "Province House," so called, the building referred to by our author as in ruins, was accidentally consumed at midnight, Dec. 17, 1773. The family of Governor Tryon, who occupied it as his official residence, escaped with difficulty, his daughter leaping from the second story window, and her maid, who was afraid to follow her, losing her life. No great critical stress is to be laid on his mere peculiarities and mistakes in spelling, though laughable and too frequent: Wallabout for Wallabout; Heights of Guiana for Heights of Gowanus; Woodberry; Vallay-Forge; New-Wark; Terrytown; Verglants-Point for Verplanck's Point; and many others. Who, we should like to know, was the "treacherous Oberst John," or Colonel John, of whom we find the following tale, quite new to us, in Eelking's account of the Battle of Long Island? Probably a Jones, whose honesty would, it seems, have been improved if Timothy Titcomb's letters to that numerous family had been in his days given to the world:

"Colonel John, of the rebels, is dead. A grenadier took him prisoner, and magnanimously granted him his life, telling him to go to the battalion in the rear, for the grenadier was a flanker. The colonel wanted cunningly to murder his captor from behind, and stealthily drew a pistol, but only wounded the arm of the grenadier, whereas the latter regaled him with three or four bayonet thrusts." pp. 40-1, vol. i.

But this writer has been betrayed into more serious inaccuracies. Not content with one great fire at New York in the autumn of 1776, the same conflagration which we have already mentioned, he treats us to another, Nov. 20, in which, as he asserts, Trinity church was destroyed. This is altogether imaginary and surprisingly confused. Trinity church was burned, with much of the lower part of the city, on the night of Sept. 20-21; and the patriots on the other side of the Hudson, at Paulus Hook, now Jersey City, are said to

have raised a loud hurra as its steeple sank in the flames. Our friend Eelking gives the following strange version of the occurrence:

"A portion of the exasperated populace had assembled on the hill of St. Paul's church, and contemplated with cannibal-like mirth and rough jests the destructive progress of the mighty flames. A wild shout of joy accompanied the fall of the tower of that fine old English house of God." p. 56, vol. i.

"Paulskirche" and "Paulus Hook" are here very curiously confounded. Our old St. Paul's still stands as it stood before the Revolution; and its spire, added, we think, since that period, but in the graceful English taste of Wren, Gibbs, and their school, really shames the two hideous abortions in white stone and brown, which deform the upper part of the Fifth avenue.

This is not the only error of fact we have detected in the work. But we have done with censure. The book is a good book, valuable as well as entertaining, and, when carefully translated, revised, and annotated, will be acknowledged by the American public to contain exact as well as animated pictures of the men and things of old.

#### HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.\*

THE history of doctrine, as a separate branch of theological study, is comparatively new in this country as well as in England. In Germany, however, it has long formed a distinct part of theological training. The history of theological opinions has, to be sure, been pursued, in one form or another, ever since Christian theology began to have a history. The fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries are accustomed to refer to the teachings of their predecessors, partly to illustrate their own opinions and partly to clothe them with authority. In the middle ages, in the scholastic period, doctrinal theology was taught in the schools historically. The manuals were compilations from Augustine, and other doctors of an earlier day, the received expounders of the Catholic faith. Master of Sentences, the title of Peter Lombard, whose text-book acquired the largest authority, indicates the source whence the material of this class of works was drawn. The schoolmen were largely occupied with expounding and systematizing the great legacy of thought and doctrine which had been handed down to them from an age more fertile and prolific than their own. The controversies of the period of the Reformation turned, to a considerable extent, upon points of history. Both Protestant and Roman Catholic explored the theology of the early church, and the subsequent variations from it, and brought forward in their conflicts abundant learning. The great English divines of that day, and of the next century, as Dr. Shedd has remarked, incidentally investigate the history of theological doctrines, and they have left in their writings a mass of solid learning of which the student now may thankfully avail himself. It was Petavius, however, the learned Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who opened the way, in his *De Theologicis Dogmatibus*, for the distinct and connected treatment of this subject. It was the work of Petavius that called out Bull's celebrated discussion of the Nicene doctrine of the Trinity, one of the most learned and valuable productions in the whole range of English theological literature. During the present century, not a few works upon the history of doctrine have been put forth by German theologians, and more lately by the French. Some of these works cover the whole field of theology, and others have it for their exclusive end to explain the rise and formation of some single dogma—as, for example, the treatises of Baur upon the history of the doctrine of the Trinity and of the doctrine of the Atonement, and the monograph of Dorner upon the doctrine of the Person of Christ. The standard writers upon general church history, also, such as Neander, Gieseler, Niedner, give to the history of doctrine a distinct and often a copious section of their works.

Thus Dr. Shedd, though without English models, is not without precursors in the department of learning to which he has been, for several years, principally devoted. This particular study is, we take leave to say, of essential use to the theologian, and is specially required here in America. If our theologians have been deficient in anything, it has been in learning. We believe, in fact, that the remark might be extended much further, and that the lack of knowledge is a prevailing evil among intellectual men in our country in other professions—that the amount of knowledge does not bear a just proportion to the degree of talent and mental activity which are witnessed among us. Learning is undervalued. But there is no active-minded theologian who would receive any detriment from the earnest study of historical theology; on the contrary, every such would be inspired and enriched, and better prepared for effective work, by attention to this science. We should be disposed to regard any faults in Dr. Shedd's work with leniency, it being the first attempt of the kind in American theology; but happily it stands in no need of indulgence. The author has been favorably known to the public through various essays, mostly on subjects of theology and metaphysical philosophy, and through an edition of Coleridge, which only lacked a good index—in this case a peculiar necessity—to make it

all that could be desired. The present volumes are made up of lectures which were given during the author's connection with Andover Seminary. They are marked by the same striking power, both of thought and style, which had distinguished the previous publications to which we have just adverted. Although the work is entitled "A History of Doctrine," the plan of it is somewhat restricted. Heresies and latitudinarian views—even such heresies as Gnosticism—are described, if described at all, with much brevity. Most of the space is given to the subjects of the Trinity, of Sin and Regeneration by Grace, and of the Atonement. Athanasius, Augustine, and Anselm, are made the central figures. Other topics are briefly and rather hurriedly handled, though always without obscurity or vagueness. The doctrine of the Person of Christ is dispatched in about sixteen pages. Eschatology, in its various subordinate topics, is finished in thirty pages. There is no discussion of the doctrine concerning the Church and concerning the sacraments, save incidentally in the condensed chapters upon the symbols. Theology, since the seventeenth century, is not considered, except incidentally, and for the most part in compressed, suggestive foot-notes. In no other way is the long course of English theology touched upon. A plan of this character has, of course, the disadvantage of incompleteness. But, in this case at least, it is likewise attended with decided advantages. Dr. Shedd devotes his strength to a few doctrines of primary interest and importance, and in discussing these he fastens only on the salient points, the marked epochs, in their history. For most readers, the interest of his pages is heightened by their freedom from antiquarian matter, and from what many would think to be superfluous detail. Professor Shedd has avowedly followed his own bent in the selection of his prominent themes. In the list of books prefixed to each of the leading topics, it might, perhaps, be alleged that works of great value are not noticed, and that occasionally their place is filled by authors which, on the whole, have less merit—in short, that the selection is somewhat arbitrary. Yet Dr. Shedd has done wisely in referring the student, as far as practicable, to our standard English authorities; and he has made prominent the authors for whom he has felt a special predilection. Another marked feature of this work is noticed by the author himself in his preface. He lets it be seen that his convictions are strongly enlisted in favor of certain tenets in theology. The work is, in reality, an argument for the Nicene formulas of the Trinity, the Augustinian doctrine of Sin and Grace, and the Anselmic construction of the Atonement. Dr. Shedd is an earnest believer in the theory of a fall of the race in Adam. The realistic conception of the human race as an objective entity—of human nature as a unit—is at the foundation of his system. This human nature is individualized in the various members of the race, but it was all present, and they were all responsibly present, in the first man, and hence participated in his guilt and sin. Dr. Shedd joins to this tenet the Augustinian doctrines of the absolute inability of the fallen nature or the fallen will to good, unconditional predestination, and irresistible grace. He is, also, a warm advocate of the most rigorous conception of the Atonement—that which considers the work of Christ the substituted penalty of sin, and the absolute equivalent of the penalty threatened in the law. This work is an earnest plea in behalf of these dogmas. The polemical tone, though not in any narrow spirit, is maintained throughout. The disadvantage of such a course, and the danger, is that the discussion will not be sufficiently dispassionate, and that opposing views will hardly receive justice at the hands of the historian. On the other hand, life and animation are imparted to the work by the strong infusion of the sympathies and antipathies of the author. Professor Shedd writes in a strain of fervid argumentation. His own reflections are freely mingled with his analysis of orthodox and heterodox opinion, and these are often eloquent and impressive. It cannot be expected of those who dissent from his theological views, and are far from regarding the Calvinistic creeds of the seventeenth century as incapable of correction, that they shall be wholly satisfied with his reasonings. Yet even such will not fail to admire the ability discovered in these recondite investigations, as well as the transparency and vigor of style with which they are set forth. As a specimen of the author's power of condensation, we select, almost at random, a short passage in the remarks upon Pantheism. "The most profound and influential form of this species of infidelity," says Dr. Shedd, "appears in the Modern Church. It began with Spinoza's doctrine of '*substantia una et unica*,' and ended with Schelling and Hegel's so-called '*philosophy of identity*,' in which Spinozism received new forms, but no new matter. Spinoza precluded the possibility of a secondary substance created *de nihilo*, by his fundamental postulate that there is only one substance, endowed with two attributes, extension and thought. All material things are this substance, in the mode of extension; all immaterial things are this substance, in the mode of cogitation. The first modification of the one only substance yields the physical world; the second, the mental world. There is but one substance, essence or being, ultimately; and this being is both cause and effect, agent and patient, in all evil and in all good, both physical and moral. Schelling's system is Spino-

\* A History of Christian Doctrine, by William G. T. Shedd, D.D. In two volumes. Charles Scribner, New York, 1863.



zism with a prevailing attention to the one only substance as extended, i.e., to physical pantheism. Hegel's system is engaged with the one only substance as cogitative, and yields intellectual pantheism." (pp. 227, 228.)

We had marked a considerable number of passages in Dr. Shedd's work in respect to which we should take exception, either to the correctness of the statement, or of the argument connected with it. But we cannot here enter into these details. Yet we will not refrain from breaking a lance with the acute author upon the question of the validity of Anselm's famous ontological argument for the being of God. This demonstration Dr. Shedd asserts to be real and sound. Anselm's argument may be stated in brief as follows: We have the conception of a most perfect being. This being is either existent (objectively) or non-existent. But if he be supposed to be non-existent, or only contingently, possibly existent, we can conceive of another being having all his perfections and one more, viz., necessary (objective) existence; and thus, contrary to the supposition, the first is not the most perfect being conceivable. The idea of the most perfect being, therefore, proves his existence. The fallacy lying, as we think, in this argument was pointed out by Thomas Aquinas. It is arguing for the existence of a *thing* from the definition of a word. The word *God* denotes, to be sure, a being who is self-existent. The conception, which we may also grant to be a necessary conception, corresponds, of course, to the word which represents it. But the existence of the *conception* or *concept* no more proves the reality of the thing than the existence of the *word* proves it. The word *God* is defined in the same manner, whether the being exist or not—which is equivalent to saying that the *conception* is the same on either supposition. All that the argument proves is, that if *God* actually exist, his existence is not dependent on anything outside of himself, but is necessary. The capacity of the mind to frame the conception of a being who has all perfections, including that mode of existence termed necessary existence—nay, the inability of the mind to avoid having such a conception—affords no warrant for the conclusion that such a being really exists. There is a wide chasm between the thought and the thing, which the logic of Anselm fails to span.

There is one excellent feature of this doctrinal history which we had intended to notice more fully, and that is the use that is made of the best English theologians, such as Hooker, Pearson, and Howe, and the honor that is paid to their names. We have in our language a rich inheritance of theological learning and speculation which we have received from the great divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was then that theology flourished in England as it has never flourished since. In the department of doctrinal theology especially, the theologians of that fruitful period have left works of exceeding value. If on certain topics modern researches have rectified or supplanted former investigations, still, even in the sphere of historical and antiquarian study, the elder writers are still pre-eminent. Dr. Shedd has done a service in reminding his readers of this body of literature, which, we fear, is too much neglected by our clergy, for the reason that they fail to appreciate its value.

No one can read the volumes before us without perceiving that the author is strongly inclined to philosophical discussion and speculation. He begins by defining his conception of the nature of history in general, and of the history of doctrines in particular. In his exposition of the relation of dogmatic theology to Christian piety and Scriptural truth, and of the progress of which the first is capable, although furnished at the start with all its materials, we find little to object to. In the idea of history in general, however, the sharp affirmations and distinctions of the learned author will fail to secure a unanimous approval. The scope allowed, in his scheme, for the origination of action by the human will, and for the influence of human agency as a factor in shaping the phenomena of history, will not be deemed sufficient. After the one sin of Adam, the whole subsequent course of secular history is only an evolution—a development of the fallen will or nature in a process rigidly determined by law, for which the exact analogon is the process of development in the plant kingdom. And so, church history is the evolution of a single germ laid into the fallen race supernaturally—a regular, determined process, likewise from beginning to end. There are points for the intervention of miraculous agency. This intervenes at the beginning of the new historical development. There are points—or rather one point—where man's "probationary power" of contrary choice has free play. But with these exceptions in the interest of theism and human responsibility, all is a predetermined, regular process and progress, either downward or upward. There is much that is suggestive in this view, but we have our misgivings as to its being a full and correct representation of the true idea of history. There is a consistent, a divine plan, but this infolds human agency in such a manner that the latter has a larger and a different part to perform than the sharp-cut theory of our author admits.

In concluding this notice of what to us is a welcome addition to American theology, we are glad to be able to say that Professor Shedd has produced a thorough and instructive,

as well as a quickening and brilliant book. He has reason to thank Mr. Scribner for the beautiful typography and paper in which his work, the fruit of so much thought and labor, is given to the public.

#### "ROMANCES OF THE WAR."

IN the minds of most men a certain dignified solemnity connects itself inseparably with the idea of war. The gorgeous trappings of man and beast, the flapping of sanctified banners, the masses of moving humanity, the impressive effect of the

"—thunder of guns and the roll of drums  
And an army marching by,"

are all fraught with a high degree of something akin to sublimity. And especially is the battle-field a subject of awe. Beside its horrid heroism and terrible splendor all commonplace emotions seem hollow and heartless, though they may be earnest enough for everyday wear. In such company, then, dippancy becomes appalling.

Yet there is a sort of literature, based upon that prurient hunger for "sensation" which demands a nightly supper of bleeding hearts and water, that carries its flippancy and its commonplaces to the battle-field, and flaunts them in affected bombast above the fallen heroes who lie there, happy, it may be, in an eternal immunity from such trash. We mean the so-called "Romances of the War" so much in vogue among magazines and "story papers" during the two sorry years just past.

Of course, there is but one wretched thread of a plot to hang the incidents upon in these romances. Of course there is a noble young gentleman, an Apollo, in a white waistcoat, with "raven curls clustering about a marble brow," and a "low, sweet voice uttering burning words of love and making music richer than" various instruments, ranging from a flute to an Eolian harp, according to the taste of the writer. Of course, this young person wants to go to the war, and of course his lady-love, a maiden who lives, moves, and has her being in a "snowy tissue of *crêpe*"—these panderers to sensation are always strong in the direction of dry-goods—"trimmed simply but tastefully with coquettish knots of blue ribbon,"—of course, we say, this gorgeous being objects most strenuously, weeping "bitter tears" upon his coat-collar and murmuring—always murmuring—"I cannot spare you now!"

Then something happens. The "old flag" is fired upon in Charleston Harbor; or, if that is too threadbare, the lady's great uncle gets the worst of a meeting with a rebel bullet; or a wounded soldier shows his "bronzed and haggard" physiognomy in the village and fires Angelina Sophia's heart with a "tale of lofty deeds." Thereupon she consents to the departure of Augustus, and he "takes her gently to him as if she had been a child," and "imprints" a kiss—generally of the "long, last, lingering" sort—on her forehead or cheek or lips (seasoned to taste, as the cook-books say), and goes off in great splendor of uniform, and inevitably as a commissioned officer—rarely lower than a captain. There is no romance about the partings of common people. Any novel-ette writer will tell you that, tacitly at least.

Next comes the news of a battle, which must be a splendid victory, and the said news must "flash over the wires." Augustus is reported killed, or there would be no little wholesome agony to depict, and Angelina Sophia could not go about disheveled, with "stony eyes," and the "lines of her face sharper with pain." Even "jets of scalding tears" have been employed with effect.

This condition of things is continued long enough to weaken the reader-patient down to the proper state for harrowing, which operation requires a battle-scene, with blood and wounds *al fresco*. Augustus is shown as he appeared while slaying small detachments of rebels, usually described as "haughty foemen." Here come in such luxuries as "silver trumpet-peals and clash and clang of iron, crying voices, whistling, singing, screaming (why not fiddling?) shot, thunderous drum-rolls, sharp sheet of flame," etc., to which are tastefully added "spurts of warm blood upon the brow, the bullet rushing like a blast beside the ear, all the terrible tempest of attack trampled under the flashing hoof, climbing, clenching, slashing, back-falling, beneath cracking revolvers, hand to hand in the night"—mercy on us! we are out of breath, and fain to call for straws with which to ornament our hair after the manner of gibbering idiots upon the stage.

Naturally, Augustus is left under large "heaps of the slain," and the reader is supposed to consider him quite dead—a supposition rarely correct, if the reader has seen any two of these literary quagmires. At this juncture we are requested to "draw a veil over the sad scene" and return to Angelina Sophia, who is embroidering, or scraping lint, or meditating in black clothes, minutely described, under a sweet-apple tree in the back-garden of "her far-off Northern home."

The machinery here grows primitively simple. There is "a shadow on the sward, her name pronounced in the rich music of the voice she knew so well of old, and a burning kiss imprinted 'again' upon her brow." Arising, "she swoons in her lover's arms."

The Augustus whose name was in the list of killed was of

course another Augustus; or somebody saw him fall and reported him killed, when he only had a rib or two carried away. He is pale and interesting, needs attention and gets it; and the story ends with a wedding on the part of the couple, and a yawn on the part of the reader.

This tissue of flimsy plot, dreary platitude, and sickly sentiment, floods the market of to-day, and gives us a healthy fear of opening most of the popular magazines lest Angelina Sophia may weep and Augustus bleed on every page. If there be any earnestness, any worthiness, any dignity, in the profession of arms, why do not our warriors rise in protest against such a strange farrago of the namby-pamby and the disgusting? Augustus is not a type of the commissioned officer, nor Angelina Sophia a specimen of the girl he leaves behind him. The nation could well spare all romances of the war until its dreadful realities are a little draped by time; but if they must be written, let it be in wholesome English, simply constructed, with real men and women in the place of heroes and heroines, and real events in the place of these musky, high-scented tableaux, redolent of falsity and garish with the dissimulative rouge and plaster of a prostituted literature.

If there be no other reason, this wholesale demoralization of "light writing" should weigh heavily as an inducement for the termination of hostilities. The horrors of war are numerous and great, but its romances, so-called, are hardly better; and we sincerely implore all young ladies and gentlemen of budding talent and limited experience to refrain, henceforth, from doing feeble violence to our noble language in their frantic endeavors to gild the fine gold of heroism, and paint, with unctuous carmine and rose-pink,

"—the blood-red blossom of war, with a heart of fire!"

#### DRAMA.

##### THE THEATERS AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

WE have mentioned some of the principal reasons or causes why the Drama and Dramatic criticism in this city are at a standard so far below their merits. There is one more, and an important branch of the subject which seems to demand a few words, and that is the manner in which the public press has dealt with public entertainments; we mean now the publishers and editors, and not especially the critics, although the latter in most offices are but tools to execute the fiat of the counting-room.

Many years ago a paper in this city excluded from all mention in its columns every theater that did not have its bills printed in a job office owned by the proprietor of the paper referred to. It is easy to see what favors would follow to those that called for extra printing; and it is well known that the plan worked to a charm; that for many years every manager in New York came under the iron rule, and paid extra prices for bad work, in order to secure either the weekly free advertisement by its "independent" critic, or escape (in some instances) direct and outrageous abuse. If we mistake not, that stirring, wide-awake manager, P. T. Barnum, has had experiences of the sort; so had the late Thomas S. Hamblin, and others. Disgraceful as this was, and much as rival papers censured and scolded about it, it has come to be very generally adopted by the New York press. Some are wholly and openly mercenary, giving *carte blanche* to managers to print whatever puffs they please as editorial opinions, provided the indispensable long advertisement accompanies the critique. Others are "more coy," and profess an independence they do not feel when they concede the notice, with an intimation that it must be their own doing, and the advertiser must not take it hard if his work should be censured. Yet it is matter of record that such instances result almost invariably in highly flattering compliments. Some shrewd managers rather prefer abuse, but the newspapers are getting smart in that way (which still further proves the mercenary character of their programme), and no longer fall into the trap. Solemn silence—of all things the most cruel to the victim—now generally rewards those who refuse to patronize in the regular way. Then, again, under the influence of the Bohemian crew, a further improvement has been made, which is that a manager shall advertise exactly the same amount in each paper—that if he gives the *Daily Bosh* a hundred lines he shall do just as much for the *Weekly Scurrility*, on pain of being altogether ignored by the *Scurrility's* critic. This may sound like exaggeration, but we protest that it is the simple fact, and defy contradiction from any truthful source.

Now, such are some of the reasons why manly, independent, honest criticism of plays and play-houses has never flourished in New York. Now and then some attempt has been made in that way, but it could not long survive the pressure of the publisher's greed. If there did not appear a nicely graduated balance between the critique and the advertising bill, the rash author of the former was requested to moderate his zeal for Shakespeare, and pay a little more attention to the Bonner-like patronage of the man who exhibited some Punch and Judy show and covered a page with startling type. So it has happened that nearly all really capable and honorable writers on such matters have been supplanted by fellows whose chief value consists in their successful canvassing for advertisements and their keen appreciation of the price per line. Managers and players are even standing upon their rights in the matter, and if anything is said that jars upon their nerves, in comes a complaint that they are abused in spite of "that column advertisement;" the publisher apologizes, the critic gets a significant caution, the stereotype flattery is renewed, and all goes smoothly—the actor laughing in his sleeve at praise which he knows is undeserved, the manager equally rejoiced at the dust thrown in the eyes of the public, the publisher happy in the receipt of his weekly check, and the critic—poor devil, let him go!

Being young and modest, we except ourselves from this sweep-



ing charge. We also except a few gentlemen who write on these topics, because we know there are those who would scorn a bribe of any sort as applied to themselves. But have not even the best of them, when about to judge some performer or theater, involuntarily asked, "Does he advertise?" We do not mean to say that honest and just criticisms may not even then be written; but we do say that no newspaper, under the existing system, will publish them. Managers are well enough satisfied, although they at first demurred, because they secure for a small weekly sum entire immunity from unfavorable comment; the public, accustomed to depend upon their papers for musical and theatrical direction, are led to patronize trash; the standard of excellence is lowered, and the entire system of public entertainments, plays and players alike, is rapidly coming down to the level of the concert hall and the beer saloon.

But what would we have? Simply the recognition of entertainments as an important ingredient in the education and enjoyment of human society. Play-houses we must have; let them be sources of at least honest entertainment and instruction. Players we must have; let them recognize their calling as worthy to be followed, follow it with zeal, and make it respected by their personal merits and abilities. Managers we must have; let them be men of good character, and at least fair ability—men who seek to elevate the moral and intellectual tone of their business. Newspapers we must have; let them draw a wide distinction between what they say for the public and what they say for themselves, making a broad division between their cash-boxes and their editorial columns. Critics we must endure; let them be gentlemen of ability, education, judgment, fine tastes, and unquestioned honor—let them never write a play or hold any direct or indirect interest in the matters or persons of which they are to judge; then exterminate the whole beggarly brood of Bohemians. These reforms (which we admit are too much to expect for many years yet) once accomplished, we may lift public entertainments to the proper level, and make the theater a place of pleasant and profitable resort, and of healthy and innocent teaching.

## ART.

### COLORED STATUES.

GIBSON, the English sculptor, for many years (no less than forty, we believe) a resident at Rome, and acknowledged to be at the head of the English school, has long advocated the tinting of statues, after a manner which he maintains, in common with many of his school, was in vogue in the palmy days of Grecian art. His first trial in this connection was on a statue of the Queen. This had a delicate line of pink and blue round the drapery, and a tint approaching to a gold color on the wreath and bracelets. In his Venus he carried his favorite theory to greater lengths—attempts a natural hue for the flesh and the veins running through it, and painting the eyes blue and the hair a flaxen color. When the statue, so tinted, was exposed to the public gaze at the International Exhibition, a year ago, its want of success was very marked, and it was predicted that he would never think of bringing out another work in a style of finish which is neither more nor less than an attempt to give the marble the appearance of nature, so far as it can be imitated with such materials—a step that sets at defiance that truism, "Art is called art simply because it is not nature." But it seems that he has not been deterred by his previous failures, and has now brought out a tinted (we had almost said colored) Hebe, which is spoken of by the advocates of this mode of treating statues with high commendations.

Long and wordy has been the discussion of the vexed question, "Did the Greeks color their statues?" followed by the query, "If they did, should we?" What though a fragment of the head of Minerva, with the hair colored red (shades of Esau!), was taken from the Parthenon remains, or that a female face was brought to light in the same locality with the eyes and eyebrows painted—"the color laid on in thick coats"—are we to deem this authority for covering the finest efforts of the chisel with the primary colors, in all their intensity, as is maintained was the custom with the Athenians?—painting them to imitate the gaudy wares that once were seen everywhere in the wake of the Italian image-boys who traversed the country in search of an honest penny? If Pausanias says that the gypsum statues of his day were "ornamented with paint," must we too set up colored images in our houses, or send our statues to the encaustic painter as did Praxiteles (according to the version of Pliny), to be rubbed down with colored wax, as the Greeks are said to have rubbed themselves with oil? and, if so, why not go a step further, and tell us why the Grecians used the costly Parian to the exclusion of other varieties of marble, so long as there was a fragment left in the quarries of Paros worthy of their chisel, or why use marble at all as a basis for color? It is everywhere expensive, the labor of working it is by no means light, and the danger from breakage is always great—objections quite enough (seeing there is no longer a call for the pure hue of the marble) to warrant the sculptor in seeking out some other material in which to carve alike a figure and a name.

Mr. Gibson has not yet become an extremist; nor has he been bold enough to carry a taste for color to the lengths that were common with his great prototypes, for when they did resort to pigments to lighten the effects they were striving to produce, they chose the strongest, and vermilion, from all accounts, was pre-eminently the color. Possibly we may be correct in the conjecture that these colored statues of democratic Greeks gave rise to the sobriquet of "Red Republican;" at least it is reasonable to suppose that had the Frenchman who embraced an Indian in New Orleans, under the impression that he was a Red Republican of the purest dye, would have been still more enthusiastic had chance thrown a Grecian statue, so colored, in his way.

But seriously, the coloring of the delicate purity of statuary marble is allied in our estimation to the gilding of fine gold and the roving of the peach-bloom on a maiden's cheek; reducing at once the most exalted art to the level of wax-work, from which every man of refined feeling instinctively turns, as he does from a cast from the human face (giving every detail, even to the pores in the skin), which should have the highest possible place in our esti-

mation, if the theory holds good that the closest imitation of natural forms is the highest attainment of the plastic artist. The refinement of the marble is sacrificed to clap-net, and a resort to such means to produce an effect is beneath the dignity of an artist capable of producing such exquisite works as are known to have come from the chisel of Gibson. Let the painter confine his attention to his pigments, for on these alone he relies to give form to the thoughts of the beautiful that pervade his mind; and the photographer may be pardoned for seeking to increase his patronage by dusting a little carmine on the visages of the village lasses who come to his traveling van to be flattered; but let the sculptor rest from his labors when he has given form to the enduring marble, and not undo all that he has accomplished in a vain attempt to combine two arts in one.

We are seeking novelty, and this effort to engraft ancient customs on a modern stock has frequently been made, but not always with success. Less than a century ago, David, fired with a love of the antique, thought to inoculate the whole art-world with the admiration that filled his breast. In 1783 he exhibited his first important picture (the Oath of the Horatii) and was at once hailed as the regenerator of the arts. All who know the picture are aware that it is extravagant and theatrical in the extreme, but the painter had followers and imitators without number, and, emboldened by success, he produced another classical picture, choosing for his subject the combat between the Romans and Sabines, who meet in deadly strife stark naked, with helmets on their heads and spears and shields in their hands; because, forsooth, the ancient Greeks are supposed to have gone to battle unincumbered with apparel! The influence of a leading mind will often be felt long after the grave has closed over all that was mortal. The French school of painting was molded by (and is now only a modification of the art of) painters who were prominent at the close of the eighteenth century, and all of whom were followers of David. Nor was his influence confined to France, for it extended to Turin, where it was received with favor, and where may be found a far greater relish for the tinsel which dates from the reign of Louis XIV. than could be supposed possible in a land boasting of so many beautiful works of master minds.

This rage for the antique, during its height, carried everything before it, and artists found it necessary to cast their works in the one mold to insure applause, until, at last, the absurdity of a blind devotion to one idea culminated in France in a statue of the king attired in Roman armor and a full-bottomed wig of the most approved cut, as it had done in England in the time of Charles I., when Honthorst produced a picture of the king and queen as Apollo and Diana sitting in the clouds, and the Duke of Buckingham, in the character of Mercury, introducing to them the arts and sciences.\*

We have departed from the subject of colored statues for the moment, to illustrate our remarks on the folly of adopting any peculiar treatment of our works of art because the Grecians are supposed to have so wrought, and we need not return to it. The influence of the examples we have cited in painting are to be seen to this day; and that of leading sculptors might also be adduced. The Florentines are yet under the mastery of Cellini. "Pradier, the last of the Pagans, was to France what Canova was to Italy and Thorwaldsen to the Danes;" the subject of our remarks, Gibson, has given to the world statues of Queen Victoria, Sir Robert Peel, Stephenson, and others, in the flowing robes of the age of Pericles. Our own Powers' California is as nude as his Greek Slave, and witness Greenough's Washington, exposed this wintry weather to sleet and snow, half robed in a Roman toga!

The French critics of the present time complain that the works of their best artists are but copies, more or less faithful, of bygone masters—a complaint that will hold good even with the pre-Raphaelites, who, in their antipathy to the nude of the Greeks, and an admiration that amounts to adoration of certain masters of the fifteenth century, have lost all breadth in an excessive love for details, and it may be said of them with truth, they have lost sight of the jewel in their admiration of the setting. The French say of this new school, "It is not art, but colored photography." The details are given with astonishing precision, but it is all frigid and shallow.

### ARTISTS' STUDIOS.

SAMUEL COLEMAN.—A visit to the studio of Mr. Coleman is highly satisfying to one's artistic sense. There is about Mr. Coleman's work a beauty, a richness, and refinement, which is very pleasing. At present Mr. Coleman is engaged upon a large picture of the Alhambra. It represents that famous pile of architecture on the occasion of some public event, a procession or coronation, and crowds of knights and dames are seen moving across the bridge in front. It has all the pomp and display of the Spaniard and the Moor. It shows on the part of Mr. Coleman another effort at imposing and difficult composition, and already suggests the spirit and fact of an ancient splendor. In addition to this most important work, Mr. Coleman has many small studies of great beauty, which are more or less noticeable for their richness of color. The most charming, perhaps, are those made on the coast of Newport. We greatly admire Mr. Coleman's work, but we would suggest that he be careful of a tendency to prettiness, which is the rock on which most artists wreck their genius in their effort to attain the beautiful. Judging from Mr. Coleman's best works, we should say that all his art feelings are in sympathy with the beautiful, and to that he pays court. Simple beauty is much, and though less than it may please, only that can be immortal. We have almost forgotten the prettiness of the Greek Slave, but still cherish the remembrance of the sublime beauty of the Venus of Milo. The first is a work of the present, the latter of the past.

GEO. A. BAKER.—Mr. Baker is one of our very best portrait painters. He excels in the treatment of ladies' heads. He is at present engaged upon a portrait of Colonel Lefferts, half length, and a "portrait of a lady." The latter is a very beautiful piece of modeling, and the flesh is rendered with all that softness and firmness of texture characteristic of Mr. Baker's style, as it is of the best masters of flesh painting now living. Of Mr. Baker's portrait of Colonel Lefferts we cannot at present write, it being unfinished.

E. D. GREENE.—Mr. Greene but rarely is represented at our exhibitions. The general public know little or nothing of his worth as an artist. He has painted some of the most exquisite heads (remarkable for subtlety of color and sweetness of expression) ever done in this country, and he is withal one of our most conscientious painters. A visit to his studio, and a remembrance of the general character of mind and feeling shown in his former works, lead us to remark that, with the exception of those works,

\* Walpole says of this extraordinary work, "It is not a pleasing picture, but has the merit (save the mark!) of resembling the dark and unnatural coloring of Guericke." Honthorst painted it in six months, and "received for it," says the same historian, "three thousand florins, a service of silver plate for twelve, and a horse."

American art is utterly devoid of a high and purely spiritual element. We should say that Mr. Greene is capable of making himself an honored exponent of the spiritual. His sympathies in selection of subjects are kindred to those of Ary Scheffer, while his sense of color would distinguish him as a colorist. We sincerely hope that Mr. Greene will make the most of his peculiar mental and physical organization by using it for art. We are led to make these remarks (perhaps somewhat too personal for comments on the latest works in our studios) because Mr. Greene has upon his easel a very remarkable painting, which struck us as being the purest and most spiritual little picture that we have ever seen in the studio of an American artist. It also has a face of rare beauty and sweetness. We have no space to express the significance or meaning of this unfinished work. We conclude our remarks, writing that we hope it will fulfill, when finished, the promise it now gives.

J. W. CASILEAR.—Mr. Casilear has recently painted two little pictures, quite different from his former works. One is a sunset, warm and glowing in color, and though but a sketch, very satisfactory. It however has a peculiar yellow tone, more like some of Mr. Gifford's paintings than anything we have seen by Mr. Casilear. Besides this is a picture of Swiss scenery, the Alps; a favorite subject of Mr. Casilear, and one which he has painted often and well, though never in a grand manner.

LOUIS LANG.—Mr. Lang is engaged upon a figure picture, a composition, representing the burial of a pet bird. A little girl and her young friends—boys and girls—are slowly moving toward the grave, by the side of which stands the young minister about to read a prayer for the dead. The children are overcome with grief, and the young parson has a palor suitable for the melancholy occasion.

REGIS GIGNOUX.—Mr. Gignoux is about completing a large landscape composition, sunset over a lake and mountains, in his most characteristic style. It is well composed and has some very fine color in the sky. In execution it is rapid and free.

### ART NOTES.

MR. LEIGHTON.—Mr. Leighton, one of the most learned painters of England and most deeply imbued with the spirit of Venetian art, and in his style of painting the nearest approach any English painter has ever made to the grand sixteenth century men of Italy, has recently executed a whole-length figure of Cimabue, dressed in white and holding a pallet and brushes, which is now placed in the first division of the blind arcade on the wall of the South Court in South Kensington Museum. He has also undertaken a similar figure of Nicolo Pisano, to carry out a series of portraits of great artists destined to fill the arcade in question.

It may be interesting to our readers to know that the first picture Mr. Leighton ever exhibited represented the procession of Cimabue, and gave Mr. Leighton (then a very young man) a reputation. From the very first of his art-career he seems to have been infatuated with Venetian art and the lives of the Venetian and Florentine painters. He has shown the same fondness for these as Robert Browning, and it is very natural to think of the painter and poet in the same connection, just as we think of Tennyson and Millais. But while Tennyson and Millais are the measure of each other, Leighton, with all his sensuous, opulent feeling, his sympathy with Italian life of the past, is less than Browning the poet. Both, however, seem alike in their sense of color, and love of that peculiar light which shines from the soft creamy skin of a woman in the gray of evening—love of what is called luminousness. We have had three of Leighton's paintings in this city. They were not without affectation in style, and a mannered treatment of draperies, but truly remarkable for color and individuality of character. The most important of the three pictures was the Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets.

WOMEN AS DECORATIVE PAINTERS.—Abroad, on the continent, women are conspicuous among the artists who decorate the costly porcelain of Sevres, etc. Their work is praised for its exquisite grace, particularly in flower painting, while their fidelity and finish in their copies from the old masters are equally noticeable. A writer commenting on the fact of their activity and excellence in their work, thus hits certain non-working but agitating ladies devoted to Woman's Rights in this country: "They do not fatigue the ears of the world with an incessant din about their rights and their wrongs; they are not readers of papers at Social Science Congresses; but they make their way and hold their own by proving that there are things, and not so few as men are apt to believe, which women can do as well or better than men—apart from nursing or housekeeping."

### LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. FOLLETT, FOSTER & Co., of this city, have just brought out "The Poets and Poetry of the West," which they issued a few years since by subscription. It is a large and handsome volume, and, we should judge, an exhaustive one of the special field to which it is devoted. It contains selections from one hundred and fifty-two Western poets, fifty-five of whom are ladies, and gives us some account of the majority—as much in most cases as was desirable. Of course, most of them are merely versifiers, though as good ones, on the whole, as those of the East or the mother country. The poets, or those who come the nearest to being poets, are Mr. John H. Bryant (a brother of our Bryant), Misses Alice and Phoebe Carey, Mr. George W. Cutter, Mr. William D. Gallagher, Mr. William D. Howells, Mr. John J. Piatt, Mr. George D. Prentice, Mrs. Metta V. Victor, and Mrs. Amelia B. Welby. With these names and a few others we were already acquainted through the volumes of Dr. Griswold, who has been more than rivaled by the editor of the present collection, Mr. William T. Coggeshall, so far at least as the collection of materials goes. His "Historical Sketch" of early Western poetry presents us with some curious particulars concerning it, and gives us a number of specimens (the earliest dating back to 1789), which are as creditable as one could have expected from the versifiers of that time and locality. "The Poets and Poetry of the West" will take its place as a contribution to the yet unwritten History of American Literature.

One of the most remarkable of the many strange phases of Spiritualism in America is the poetical nature of some of the communications which the mediums profess to receive. The spirits of Shelley, Shakespeare, and Poe, appear to be the most restless of the divine brotherhood, and the most desirous of resuming their relationship with mankind. Poe especially, if the mediums do not deceive us, has still an earthly mission unaccomplished, which from time to time stirs his poetical faculty and makes him "wreak himself" in verse, which is certainly no improvement on that which he wrote while in the flesh. Whatever else he may have learned in the spirit-world, he has not learned a single new trick in rhythm or measure, but is still the



Poe of "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Ulalume." Here, for instance, is a stanza from a poem which purports to have been imparted by him to Miss Lizzie Doten, a spiritual medium of some kind, who, we believe, resides in New England, and who has just published a volume of verses which she calls "Poems from the Inner Life."

"From the throne of Life Eternal,  
From the home of love supernal,  
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—  
Mortals, I have come to meet you,  
Come with words of peace to greet you,  
And to tell you of the glory that is mine for evermore."

This is Poeish, is it not? particularly the third line, which is rather a close imitation of a line in "The Raven."

"Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor"

There are ten more such stanzas, neither better nor worse, the drift of which appears to be that Poe had a hard time of it while he was alive, but is having a better one now, having been saved by his "beautiful ideal," who surpasses in every respect his "loved and lost Lenore." A second poem, "The Prophecy of Vala," is a glimmer of Northern scholarship of which Poe "gave no sign" in his lifetime. It is about Thor, and Odin, and Balder, and the rest of the old Norse gods, whose downfall the prophetic Vala predicts:

"Then a greater god than Odin  
Over all the world shall reign,  
And my Saga's mystic meaning  
As the sunlight shall be plain.  
Out of evil good shall grow—  
Doubt me not, for time shall show.  
Understand you this or no?  
Fare you well! I go—I go!"

A third versicle, entitled "The Kingdom," is a reproduction of the rhythms of "Ulalume," one of Poe's "failures," as Beau Brummel said of his pile of neckcloths:

"'Twas the ominous month of October—  
How the memories rise in my soul!  
How they swell like a sea in my soul!  
When a spirit, sad, silent, and sober,  
Whose glance was a word of control,  
Drew me down to the dark Lake Avernus,  
In the desolate Kingdom of Death—  
To the mist-covered Lake of Avernus,  
In the ghoul-haunted Kingdom of Death."

We doubt the "sobriety" of this spirit at least! "The Cradle or Coffin," the fourth of these effusions, recalls "The Three Tabernacles" of the young English poet Herbert Knowles. In the fifth, "The Streets of Baltimore," the spirit of the poet gives a highly colored picture of his sufferings in the spree which led to his death,

"In the streets of Baltimore."

This is a good sample of it:

"No one near to save or love me!  
No kind face to watch above me!  
Though I heard the sound of footsteps,  
Like the waves upon the shore,  
Beating, beating, beating, beating,  
Now advancing, now retreating—  
With a dull and dreamy rhythm—  
With a long, continuous roar—  
Heard the sound of human footsteps,  
In the streets of Baltimore!"

"The Mysteries of Godliness," a lecture of twenty-seven pages, delivered by Miss Doten, at Clinton Hall, on the 2d of November, 1863, introduces us to the last of these Poe-isms, which purports to be Poe's farewell to earth. The measure is a jumble of several of his rhythms (here a gleam of "The Bells," and there a glimpse of "The Raven"), and the sense is so transcendental that we have not tried to understand it. It shows that Poe has learned something of Freemasonry since his sojourn in spirit-land—enough, we should judge, to qualify him for the office of Grand Master! The way he sings of the Royal Arch, the Royal Chapter, the Third Degree, and other Masonic mysteries, is truly refreshing! The only good thing about this last effusion of Poe's is, that it is the last, supposing that the spirit by whom it was dictated has told us the truth, which we sincerely hope is the case! One reflection naturally occurs to the mind in this connection, and that is that there is deception somewhere. Either these verses, and others of the same sort, are not the work (or play) of the souls or minds of the persons whose names they bear; or else the souls or minds of the said persons have sadly deteriorated since they underwent the change which we term death. If Poe composed the six or seven pieces which are laid at his door in Miss Doten's volume, he is not the Poe whom we know through his published writings—a poet of narrow power, perhaps, but still of power in his peculiar walk of song; a sharp but acute critic, whose severities had always a substratum of truth underlying them; in short, a man of positive intellect. To allow that he is the author of such platitudes is to admit that the world in which he is, and the life of which he is a partaker, are inferior to our world and our life, which is humiliating, to say the least. We see no way in which the Spiritualists can avoid this conclusion, except by admitting in this case, which we presume the sensible ones will do, that Miss Doten was imposed upon by some "lying spirit" who thought it would be a good joke to pass himself off on her as Poe! They would not hesitate to say in England that she herself was the impostor, for if there is anything that your true John Bull don't and won't believe, it is in the "communion of spirits" with the living. For ourselves, we see no reason to doubt the good faith of Miss Doten—that the verses in question were written by her under, as she believes, spirit influence, which, to us, is merely the "extravagant and errant" working of her own mind in trance or otherwise. What has been done or begun by a true poet in similar circumstances, will at once recur to the readers of Coleridge, whose "Kubla Khan" is the fragment of a dream-in-words which, unhappily for us, and unlike Miss Doten's fantasies, was broken short at the commencement.

"Miscegenation; The Theory of the Blending of the Races Applied to the American White Man and Negro," is the title of a pamphlet for which Messrs. H. Dexter, Hamilton & Co. are the agents. The work is a dexterous plea for the mingling of the white and black races in this country, the result of which, it is argued, will be a mixed race, superior to either element composing it. Miscegenation is a word coined by the author (from the Latin *Miscere* to mingle, and *Genus*, race), which, he holds, expresses the idea he desires to convey much more clearly than the common term amalgamation.

BOSTON.

Boston, January, 1864.

SOME ten years ago England thought that in Alexander Smith she had at last got a choice revelation of poetry. His first volume sold marvelously well, which very fact might have set some to thinking about the end of this literary fashion. Two editions followed immediately in this country, but Ticknor & Fields's imprint crowded the Philadelphia one out of the market. The volume sold wonderfully here also. Some twenty odd editions have followed. They got out his next volume in 1857, but the same favorable warfare was not stirring, and it did not meet expectations,

though the poetry was better than the first. The third volume, a more sustained effort, with little falling off, published two years ago, has had no more success than would accrue to a good production from a less known name. The shy and not very delicate countenance, though having a trace of susceptibility, which his portrait shows, was not that of one born to confront the world bravely. He had passed his early life in Glasgow, and we learn, even now, entertains that idea of our rebellion so notorious on the Clyde, calling it "a mad, incomprehensible quarrel." Here he learned the "tragic hearts of towns," and within the gloomy court which he occupied he found summer in his little pots of flowers. He had the same craving for the country that the "country parson" experienced in Threadneedle street. Four years ago there appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* a prose paper, "In a Skye Bothy" (which by the way is one of the most readable selections in "Favorite Authors," his Boston publishers' gift-book of last year), in which he showed a growing taste for vagabondism, as he calls it, in his secluded season among those northern isles. I hardly know whether his reputation as a poet has had the falling off in England that it has here, but it may be something of the kind that has prompted him to this seclusion, which has since been followed by a permanent residence in the country. He says himself that he has come to the conclusion that he cannot surpass Tennyson or Browning, and so eschews poetry, and gives his leisure to essay-writing, and we have now a volume of them in "Dream Thorpe," which bears J. E. Tilton & Co.'s imprint, and the marks of careful construction in the printing-office. He has not apparently taken to farming, as his American compeer, Ik Marvel, has, and whose first appearance only a little antedated his, for he says it was pure indolence that took him to the country. He selected a piece of sour-moorland near a rustic village, and there he has enclosed himself, built his moss house, laid out his garden, close-shaven his grass, clipped his yews, watched the chaffinches and the swallows build their nests in his trees and by his bedroom window, and here by his own hearth-stone he entertains the village priest and village doctor, finding everything here that others find in the big world—plays with his own thoughts and ripens for the grave. This is the atmosphere of this now secluded poet. Here, of a winter evening, with no companion but shaggy Pepper, coiled ball-wise upon the rug, he addresses himself to his favorites on his bookshelf (and he names among them a rather incongruous set, Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*, Prof. Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, the *Lyra Germanica*, and the *Corn Law Rhymes*), and writes his essays. His idea of this species of writing is much the same that Mr. Boyd has evolved in his "Recreations of a Country Parson," both by precept, as in his "Hurry and Leisure," and by example in the essays themselves. He claims that the essayist should be a law unto himself, and develop his paper as the cocoon is grown about the silk-worm. He believes in the suggestiveness of common things, and in displaying the alchemy by which the ruder world is transmuted into the finer, by the personality of the writings. He would have some of the soil still adhere to the roots he plucks.

I turn to another Scotchman, whose popularity was nearly as sudden, but which has been better sustained. I believe that Gould & Lincoln's books will show that Hugh Miller's works have circulated with us to something over a hundred thousand copies, and I doubt not to their already full catalogue of them that they will add in due time the new posthumous volume now announced in Edinburgh, and which treats moreover of that city itself. They have just increased the list by the two latest books. That called "Tales and Sketches" is edited by his widow, who does not claim for her husband the force of a great novelist, but the reader will nevertheless find in it something of the power, though a weak side of it, that has borne the name of Miller round the world. With birth as humble as that of Burns or Alexander Smith, he has more innate dignity, and steps squarely by the right of sheer work into the temple of Fame. He loved work; in fact, he must work; his nature mastered him in life, as it toppled his reason at the death. One fact is noticeable about such as he, and Smith, and that equally humble-born Gerald Massey: I mean their mastery of the delicacies of expression. In Massey it sometimes is in such excess as to cloy; in Smith, it is a study of opposite figurativeness; in Miller, it was an elegance of diction that reminds one of Addison. We have seen what are the companionable volumes that Smith oftentimes put his hand on; with Miller, it was *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and the stories of Wallace and Bruce. Had Hugh Miller's first volume, which was in verse, succeeded, we might have had another to add to the long list of Caledonian poets; but can well conceive he would have been of a different stamp from the one I have just considered. I look aghast at the thought of the vast amount that such a poet would have written. Only think of the interminable quires which he threw off, if transmuted into verse. He would have been, like Rückert in Germany, as voluminous as his years—with every day a poem. Instead of the *Witness* files we might have had complete anthologies from a single mind. But literature would hardly have gained by it. It was well he carried into his science that love of nature which poetic sentiment had engendered, for he has set an example to show that nothing need be so remote but the beauty of speech may adorn it. The volume now before me was one of the earliest emanations of his power. It argues little for the naturalist. It shows rather his leanings to the poets, to Burns, to Fergusson, and pictures the national life of his beloved Scotland; it takes us back to the last century, to its superstitions and its practical life. The tales, as his wife remarks, have something of a pensive or tragical cast to them—more so doubtless than they would have had were they the fruit of his later years. It is one of his countrymen's best thoughts, in the "Dream Thorpe," that when a man grows to have a grave or two in his own heart, he is not so prone to haunt the ground of terrors. We get the more manly sobriety of Miller's character in this other volume, just added to the catalogue, "The Headship of Christ." It is a selection of his editorials in the *Witness*, some of those shavings from his mind which he felt were rasped off, and fell to be forgotten among the lumber of the printing-office. This was not the opinion of Mr. Peter Bayne; and they, having a string of inter-dependence, showing him as the champion of the church, have found in his friend an editor, and an admirer in common with many. To these have been added two pamphlets, espousing the same cause, and to whose forceful character it was owing that he became the established champion in the controversy, now indeed remote from us by twenty years, and by a difference of nationality, but involving principles that make it true to the emotions of all times. We read his "Letter to Lord Brougham" with renewed interest, now that the twenty-five years since it was written have brought the venerable peer into his dotage and to the era of a slaveholders' rebellion. With a heart swelling at the name of Henry Brougham, Miller says he did not entertain a doubt but that the energies that had swept away the old Sarum of the constitution would be on the side of the same revolution in

the church. How he was surprised at his lordship's adherence to "existing institutions, vested rights, and positive interests," we can understand who have seen the position now assumed by the friend of Clarkson and Wilberforce. Is it that his lordship finds the soldier doing the work of the famous "schoolmaster abroad" in his prophecy, that he sickens of the sight? Stern war handles sentimentalism rather roughly, as the published volume of Senator Sumner's speeches may testify. There is a grace in dissecting as well as commending opinions.

The same house has added a new volume to their stores of Biblical learning in Enoch Hutchinson's "Music of the Bible." The title needs qualification. It is the work of an investigator rather than a critic, of one who has mastered the lore of his subject, and now seeks to embody it for the reader's sake. It consists of comments upon such texts of Scripture as have reference, not only to the instruments and the songs of the Hebrews, but also to their dancing, and similar outgrowths of a rhythmic character. He seeks to give a clearer understanding of the terms that, in the received translations, are rendered without a minute reference to their varieties. The Germans particularly have given their attention to the subject, and Mr. Hutchinson seems to have studied their interpretations. He prefers, too, Herder's version of the Psalms, in that portion in which he dwells upon the poetry of the Hebrews. The German's mind was grandly consonant with those glorious rhapsodies, and it gave manifestations of it in these renderings of his. Mr. Hutchinson did well to recognize them; and the free rhythmic swell of these citations is enough to make the most opposite of the usual rhymings unsatisfactory. Mr. Cayley, in that version published a year or two ago which has been esteemed the most successful of all English metrical attempts, with its unequalled lines, was in a measure a compromise between the two styles.

It is no harsh transition from the poetry of the Bible to the most poetic of the English divines. Coleridge said of Jeremy Taylor that he was an excellent author for a young man to study, and he grouped him with Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton, as the four supreme lights of old English literature; and yet of the dramatic, the poet, the philosopher, and the divine, it was the divine alone that the last century would not deign to recognize. While Shakespeare was getting his apotheosis in the days of Garriek, while Milton was rising above Johnson's indifference, and Bacon was going through some elegant editions, Jeremy Taylor alone hardly experienced recognition. They failed to know his tender heart, to learn his eloquent periods and his Christian virtues. With the present century a new feeling came. The reviving study of the old English writers was nurtured by new editions, and Taylor now enjoys the rank with the lovers of our literature that Coleridge has given him. It is not strange, with his somewhat diffuse style and reiterating sentences, that he has not minted phrases that pass current in our mouths. I do not find that Mr. Burtell, in his *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations* (and the new edition of which, by the way, I shall speak of again), credits him with a single such extract; but if we look into the selections such as that Mr. Basil Montagu made for Pickering, we find him occupying a large space; and in that volume of "Seed-grain" which Mrs. Lowell published a few years ago, and which was the storehouse of instruction for the pupils of a school before being printed, we may see that she agreed about the usefulness of Taylor to youthful minds. I have written this in view of this new volume with Little, Brown & Co.'s imprint, "Selections from the Works of Jeremy Taylor," from the Riverside Press, and handsomely gotten up. I could but think, in reading it, that the toleration and resignation of this old divine in an age as revolutionary as our own, and in which he did not avoid its vicissitudes, were a fitting model for some of the more virulent priests of our own land. I suppose our publishers would not print if there were not buyers, and I trust they may not be deceived when such volumes as this, and that other which Ticknor & Fields recently ventured upon, Fuller's "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," received their imprimatur.

Dr. Rust, in his sermon upon Taylor's death, presumed to say that the little Jeremy knew little more of the state of childhood than its innocence and pleasantness, but I suspect the mother would have told the secrets of the nursery. Teeth-cutting, croup, flannels, and vexed questionings, were doubtless as much the enigmas of the household then as now. It is sometimes said that an increasing knowledge does not show to good advantage in the domestic circle, and the days when children were "dutiful," and parents were "Honored Sirs or Madams," and the little urchins were made to stand at table, were days to produce better men and women than our more indulgent time. Our war is beginning to teach us that it is the occasion, as well as the discipline, that makes the hero. It so happens that two ladies who within a twelvemonth have issued volumes of instruction in education, have both made their sacrifice of a child upon the altar of their country. I refer to Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, who has a mournful interest in the field of Antietam, and whose "Talks with my Pupils" has found a wide welcome, and to Mrs. Hopkinson, of Cambridge, whom the campaign in North Carolina bereft of a son; and though each of these ladies has counsel for youth, not quite of the Spartan stamp, yet the best practical test of manliness is in what those who have best known it have done. Mrs. Hopkinson's book, "Hints for the Nursery" (Little, Brown & Co.), refers to a tenderer age than the other. It is a sensible exposition of what she believes to be cause and results in the physical and mental training of the child. It is something to know that the drawing-room and the nursery are not wholly asunder in one American household; for the lady, though she writes upon so humble a topic, is said to be an ornament to a society where such embellishments are not scarce.

W.

#### ENGLISH.

A REMARKABLE book, for England, has recently appeared, and is exciting considerable attention among the critics. It is on Spiritualism, and is entitled "From Matter to Spirit, the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations," by C. D., with a Preface by A. B. "A. B." is Professor De Morgan, the author of the "Theory of Probabilities" and the "Differential Calculus," and one of the most eminent mathematicians, logicians, and philosophical thinkers of the time; "C. D." is his wife. The ground taken by the latter, who writes the book, is that of a believer in Spiritualism, or, as one of her reviewers says—interpreting the initials "C. D." to suit himself—the *Credulous Disciple*, while "A. B." assumes that of the Attesting Brother. Mrs. De Morgan believes what she has seen in the shape of so-called Spiritualism to be the work of spirits. Prof. De Morgan doesn't know what to think. He admits the facts of table-moving, rapping, medium-writing, etc., which no sensible man thinks of denying—in this country at least, (they appear to be more skeptical in England)—and has two or three theories, or shadows of theories, as to the way in which they are, or may be, produced. The explanations of such men as Sir David Brewster which amount only to this, that the medium is a swindler, with machinery concealed about



his person—he rejects as a matter of course. What he really believes it is not easy to discover, perhaps because he doesn't quite know himself. He divides the Spiritualists into three classes—"those who believe that the communications are spiritual, those who do not see what else they can be, and those who do not see what they can be." Prof. De Morgan ranks among the last, we should say.

"I am satisfied," he says in his Preface, "by the evidence of my own senses, of some of the facts narrated: of some others I have evidence as good as testimony can give. I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me. But when it comes to what is the cause of these phenomena, I find I cannot adopt any explanation which has yet been suggested. If I were bound to choose among things which I can conceive, I should say that there is some sort of action of some combination of will, intellect, and physical power, which is not that of any of the human beings present. But, thinking it very likely that the universe may contain a few agencies—say half a million—about which no man knows anything, I cannot but suspect that a small proportion of these agencies—say five thousand—may be severally competent to the production of all the phenomena, or may be quite up to the task among them. The physical explanations which I have seen are easy, but miserably insufficient; the spiritual hypothesis is sufficient, but ponderously difficult. Time and thought will decide, the second asking the first for more results of trial." He thinks the Spiritualists are right, so far as having their theories go, and right, too, in pursuing their investigations, which may eventually lead to something tangible and definite—the truth or falsity of their belief, or the discovery of some new law or motive-power in the universe. That they are derided and ridiculed by the skeptical, proves nothing, except that mankind are slow in receiving new ideas. We shall soon know more of the De Morgans in this affair, for we see that Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has their volume in the press.

A notable book, of its kind, is the "Memoirs of Jane Cameron, Female Convict." It is written by a *Prison Matron*, and bears upon every page the authentic seal of truth—truth of the saddest and sternest sort. Jane Cameron was a real person, a Glasgow girl, born of thieves, educated amongst thieves, and, as a matter of course, a thief herself, "pickpocket at twelve, convict at thirteen, a mother at fifteen, and grown old in debauchery and crime, and sentenced to a long penal servitude at an age when other women are just entering life." She is in prison at Glasgow, in Milbank, and lastly at Brixton. She falls into good hands, and ends her career by coming to America with a good woman, where she dies of consumption. The story of her life, as narrated by the *Prison Matron*, is worthy of De Foe; the characters of her early lovers, "Cannie Jock" and "Black Barney," are admirably hit off. The value of the book, however, to English readers, is in its graphic and terrible pictures of the life of the professional thief, a class which number, the *Prison Matron* assures us, "240,000 juveniles" in the United Kingdom!

The arithmetical Bishop of Natal has recently published the fourth part of his famous work, "The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined." It treats principally of the composite character of the so-called Mosaic record, the first eleven chapters of Genesis being carefully analyzed, and the reasons given in each case for assigning the several passages to the Elohist or the Jehovistic writers—reasons which are said to be so clear that any reader with an English Bible in his hand can appreciate them. The Elohist passages, which, the Bishop thinks, form one continuous narrative, are separated from those which he believes to have been inserted by the hand of the Jehovist, and both are exhibited at full length. *Apocrypha* of this subject, which is exciting the greatest attention in England, Mr. Denison, Speaker of the House of Commons, threw out a suggestion recently that an elaborate work should be prepared in refutation of Bishop Colenso and others of his school—a suggestion which seems likely to be carried out, the Archbishop of Canterbury and other High Church dignitaries, with some of the leading laity, having formed themselves into a committee for that purpose. The work is already parceled among the ablest Biblical scholars in England, the editing of the Pentateuch falling to Prof. E. Harold Browne; the historical books to the Rev. Prof. Rawlinson; the poetical books to the Rev. Prebendary Cook; "The Four Great Prophets" to the Rev. R. Payne Smith; "The Twelve Minor Prophets" to the Bishop of St. David's; the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, to the Rev. Prof. Mansel; St. John's Gospel to the Dean of Canterbury; the Acts of the Apostles to the Rev. Dr. Jacobson; St. Paul's Epistles to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; and the rest of the sacred canon to Dr. Trench, the new Archbishop of Dublin, each of whom will be assisted by some of the ablest clergymen in England, the number of hands already engaged upon the undertaking being no less than thirty.

Mrs. Rose Greenhow, whom some may remember as a Confederate spy, and a very troublesome one, has lately been enlightening the people of England with a history of her mishaps, in a volume which she entitles "My Imprisonment and the First Year of Abolition Rule at Washington." It has not attracted much attention, and certainly no respect, the bitterest enemies of the North seeming to think that she only met her deserts. "Spies," says one of them, "may be necessary in time of war; and of all secret agents, women, when they are clever and unscrupulous, are the most useful to a minister at his desk and to a general in the field. But the good sense of mankind has condemned all spies to the reward of money and infamy."

The present year is likely to prove an interesting one as far as Shakespeare is concerned, it being the three hundredth since his birth. The "Tercentenary" is engaging the attention of the Shakespearians all over England, and arrangements are being made to carry it off bravely. New editions of Shakespeare are announced, and old ones are reannounced, in order that their publishers may take advantage of the furor which, it is supposed, will prelude and follow the celebration of his three hundredth birthday. A new journal is on the tapis: "The Shakespeare Gazette, a Weekly Record of Proceedings Relative to the Tercentenary Celebration." Its object is to chronicle all the proceedings connected with the celebration; to furnish information respecting the transactions of the numerous committees at home and abroad; and to consider and discuss various projects and suggestions as they arise. It will also open its pages to correspondents interested in the subject. A General Meeting of the National Shakespeare Committee has been held, and they have announced that the Archbishops of Canterbury and Dublin, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Brougham (who, it was lately whispered, considered Shakespeare a highly overrated man), and the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, have accepted office as vice-presidents of the Association. A number of distinguished gentlemen have joined the Committee, and M. M. Edward de Bunsen and Panizzi have engaged to act as foreign secretaries. This resolution was adopted by the body: "That the following gentlemen be requested to act as a site committee, with instructions to consider the principles which should govern the selection of a site for a Shakespeare Memorial; to in-

quire into the number of appropriate sites, and ascertain which of them may be obtained, and on what conditions, for the purpose of erecting a public monument of a large and noble character—namely, the Duke of Manchester, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, the Attorney-General, Sir Joseph Paxton, Messrs. William Tite, G. R. Goshen, W. Hepworth Dixon, and J. O. Halliwell."

The Rev. J. M. Jephson, B.A., announces his contribution to the Tercentenary in the shape of a volume, entitled "Shakespeare, his Birthplace, Home, and Grave: A Pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon in the autumn of 1863." It will be illustrated with fifteen photographs of Shakespearean localities; as, five views of and about the house in which he was born; the font of the church in which it is supposed he was baptized; the porch of the parish church at Stratford; the grammar-school and tower of the Guild Chapel; Anne Hathaway's Cottage; Charlecote Hall; the Ruins of New Place, etc., etc. Mr. J. H. Friswell, member of the Committee, has nearly ready another photographic affair, "Life Portraits of Shakespeare; with an Examination of their Authenticity, and a History of the various Representations of the Poet." And last, though not least, the Queen has commissioned Mr. Percy, the wood-carver, whose bust of Shakespeare we mentioned a week or two ago, to execute for her another bust of him from a piece of Herne's Oak.

Speaking of portraits of Shakespeare, the German painter Kaulbach has introduced him, with other worthies, in his cartoon representing a period of the Reformation. He draws him, as he does Columbus in the same picture, not as coteremporary painters delineated him, but as he (Kaulbach) fancied such a man ought to have looked. The liberties that he has taken are thus hit off in Mr. Edward Wilberforce's recent book, "Social Life in Munich." "The novelty Kaulbach has introduced into his portrait of Shakespeare is enough to petrify the commentators. The general expression of the face is preserved, but not one feature is the same as we are accustomed to see it. The shortness of Shakespeare's nose, and the length of his upper lip, have always been obnoxious to the advocates of the science of physiognomy, except to those mistaken few who raise blemishes to the rank of beauties. Kaulbach has endeavored to reconcile Shakespeare's physiognomy with his genius. The upper lip is very much shortened, and the nose is lengthened; the forehead preserves its height, but takes quite a new form; a fire and animation are given to the face which are altogether wanting in the Stratford bust and the early portraits. Kaulbach flatly refuses to accept the Stratford bust as a correct representation of Shakespeare; he denies that King Lear could have come from such a face, and argues that it is his duty to convey the genius of the poet in reproducing his features. The result is, that we have here such a Shakespeare as we could wish to have, a study for genius and animation, the fire of his mind bursting out at every pore, in the firm grip of the clenched hand, and the firm set of the under thigh. Humanity generally will feel flattered by the portrait; but what will the commentators say? The question of long upper lips has more than once been debated, and some consider them a necessary accompaniment of genius. Carlyle has spoken in favor of them in one of his essays as being a sign of power, and his own portrait is a more important testimony. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* goes further, and assigns them to all men of genius, which can be proved to be an exaggeration. In great speakers length of upper lip would doubtless be indispensable, because without speech the oratorical faculty is incomplete. But in poets and artists there is no such need, and the long lip is not found in them generally. Kaulbach urges that the forehead is the seat of intellectual power, and that the possession of it is not affected by the lips. Be the question as it may, the departure from the traditional portrait is rather bold, and sticklers for Shakespeare are scarcely likely to pardon it."

The subject of the Shakespeare portraits has been discussed by Mr. Boaden in a volume devoted to that special theme, which we recommend to all interested therein. Our own opinion is that only two of the many now extant can be depended on—the Stratford bust, and the Dorothea portrait, the former of which is supposed by the best judges to have been made from a cast of his face, while the latter was indorsed by Ben Jonson in the well-known verses which are prefixed to it in the first folio edition, published seven years after his death.

We shall follow the proceedings of the Shakespearians in the matter of the Tercentenary Celebration, and notify our readers from time to time of the result.

#### A WORD ABOUT THE HEIMSKRINGLA.

A WRITER the other day in one of the Boston newspapers expatiated with the fullness of familiarity upon that quiet, out-of-the-way, old-fashioned farm-house in Sudbury, Massachusetts, which, having served the purposes of an inn on one of the old stage roads that led from the metropolis, in the days when four-in-hands were seen on every turnpike in New England, has at last reached the distinction of being named with "The House of the Seven Gables" as one of the noteworthy objects made memorable in our land by the citation of Genius. This writer dwells lovingly on the charms of the spot—the retired, winding road, the rustic bridge over a babbling brook, the range of noble oaks that lines the approach, the one great elm that overshadows the green yard, and one of the most charming of country lanes that leads away opposite to such a prospect of beauty, thrift, and sunny happiness as New England is not niggard in affording. He recalls, too, with picturesque detail, the old squire, rural astronomer as he was; the old crone Margy that was always ensconced by the hearth, and even the dogs that hung about the door-stone; and reflects with something of regret that the poet of "The Wayside Inn" has not deemed it worth his while to make his book more truly characteristic of the scene, and the means of introducing some of those indigenous legends that belong to it, or could be borrowed from wide New England's lore for the occasion. Had the poet felt toward this region as this writer evidently does, we might have had in the results a racy smack, something akin to that of *Hiawatha*; but the truth probably is, that Longfellow's acquaintance with the spot was recent and perhaps casual, and he was only desirous of some fitting place where he might assemble his company.

As dissociated with so much of rural beauty, probably no part of the poem, despite its exquisite metric skill, will be passed over so lightly as the "Saga of King Olaf" (which constitutes the musician's tale) by the general reader; while to the student of literature possibly no part will be more attractive. Even its length will be a reminder of the sixty songs that Sigurdson sang before King Harold, and said he had as many more unsung. Longfellow has touched upon these old Norse fields of romance once or twice before, and in nothing more gracefully than his ballad which has attached itself to the old tower at Newport. There is a vast treasure of "untamed thoughts," as Carlyle has denominated it, in these prolific themes, and it is in the Sagas of Iceland that we must look for the most noteworthy relics of this ancient literature. There are Niebuhrs among the historians of the north as well as of the south; but that will not deprive the poet of the birthright that Macaulay evinced among the ballad subjects of Rome.

The Heimskringla, to which Longfellow refers for his authority in this legendary, dates back to about the beginning of the thirteenth century, being attributed to Snorro Sturleson, and is reputed to be the earliest historical work written by a European in the vernacular. The scholar has become versed in its resources

through the various histories of Scandinavian lore, from Bishop Percy's translation of Muller down to works like that of the two Howitts of the present day. It has never been so popularly disclosed as in that pleasant little volume of Lord Dufferin's, "The Yacht Voyage," which the Boston press brought forth for us some five years ago. "It consists," he says, "of an account of the reigns of the Norwegian kings from mythic times down to about A.D. 1150, and detailed by the old Sagamen with so much art and cleverness as almost to combine the dramatic power of Macaulay with Clarendon's delicate delineation of character and the charming loquacity of Mr. Pepps. His stirring sea-fights, his tender love stories and delightful bits of domestic gossip, are really inimitable, and you actually live with the people he brings upon the stage as intimately as you do with Falstaff, Percy, or Prince Hal." There are scattered about through the contributions that poetry has made to literature during the last century, beginning with the revelations that Gray opened in some of his odes, numerous instances of the effect of these old Norse poets upon the bards of a later day. Scott was touched with it, and reviews with some partiality the effusions that the Hon. William Herbert published in 1806, as well as offering a reminder of its influence in some of the ballad-songs of "The Pirate." Not to mention the more specific treatises, Mr. Longfellow himself, in that composite volume, "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," has given us a general survey of the subject. The last result, before the present one, that we remember, is a little poem entitled "Kormak," detailing the story of that northern Petrarch, which was published in Boston some three years since, and, though unpretentious, was evidently done by a scholarly if not poetic hand which seems destined to remain anonymous.

It happens that Lord Dufferin, toward the close of his book, selects, for their marked dramatic and poetic rendition, several of those passages from the Heimskringla which Longfellow has now woven so fitly into verse; but it seems to us that the theme to be derived from these old Sagas most consonant with high poetic interest and the most worthy to be essayed, begins with the colonization of Iceland by refugees from the tyranny of Harold of Norway, and includes their conversion to Christianity and the strange and poetic conglomeration of the existing paganism with it and almost coincident with their further colonization of Greenland; the strange mystery of their existence and fate in that region, where traces of their habitations came to light to the Danish missionaries centuries afterward, with something of the sensation that the present day has known in considering the recent revelations of an antique world in the beds of the Swiss lakes, or in recalling the mythological mystery of the Lost Pleiad.

There are some strange coincidences, grand in poetic contrast, in this uncertain history, though sufficiently founded for the purposes of a poet. Such is the visit of Columbus to Iceland, and even presumably to their Greenland colonies, and the stories he may have heard of that distant land to the south and west which might be the great counterbalancing continent that was his day-dream even then. It is somewhat singular that this "Vinland" of these Greenland tales should have been so identical in locality with what was to become, when they were forgotten by the world, six centuries later, the cradle of liberty in the new world, and the starting-point of that Puritanic influence which is now making a continent shake under the tramp of armies. It is said in one of the Sagas that this same Olaf of "The Musician's Tale" penetrated in one of his voyages to this southern colony. As near as can be traced from the accounts, some of these early voyagers found a brief abiding-place on that headland, known as the Gurnet, which, jutting into the sea, locks the harbor of Plymouth; and here, in a fight with the natives, their leader was killed and buried. It is reserved for the eye of some poet to come to paint the prophetic vision of that dying Northman. In the place of the dragon-beaked war-ship of Eric the Red, there lies at anchor under its protecting lea the Mayflower, with her lading for a nation. The doughty Standish, with his file of musketeers, has taken the place of the yellow-haired and silver-shielded followers of the Earl. Instead of the death-song of the dying at the sight of Wahalla, we have the uplifted anthem, swelling above the bleak forest of yon neighboring isle. What a conjunction of the languishing civilization of the ages of superstition and the brightening future of the glory of the New World!

#### LITERARY SOCIETIES.

##### NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE annual business meeting of the above society was held on Tuesday evening. The treasurer's report showed the receipts for 1863 to have been \$13,600. Fourteen hundred books and pamphlets have been added to the library, and 203 names to the membership of the society during the year. The entire membership is now 5,603, and the resident membership 1,800. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Frederic De Peyster; First Vice-President, Thomas DeWitt, D.D.; Second Vice-President, Benjamin Robert Winthrop; Foreign Corresponding Secretary, George Bancroft, LL.D.; Domestic Corresponding Secretary, Samuel Osgood, D.D.; Recording Secretary, Andrew Warner; Treasurer, Benjamin H. Field; Librarian, George Henry Moore.

##### THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THIS society, of which the Hon. Hiland Hall, of Bennington, is president, holds its next special session at Brandon, Vt., on the 27th and 28th days of January, 1864. Interesting papers are expected, and among them a memoir of the late Stephen A. Douglas, a native of Brandon, Vt., by his schoolmate and political associate, the Hon. David A. Smalley; a graphic account of the battle of Gettysburg, and especially of the part that Vermont troops took therein, by Grenville G. Benedict, Esq., of Burlington; a paper upon the geological formations of Lake Champlain, by the Rev. John B. Perry, of Swanton; biographical sketches of the Hon. Charles Linsley, by E. J. Phelps, Esq.; of the Rev. George B. Manser, D.D., by George Frederic Houghton, Esq.; of Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, of Keene, N.H., by I. T. Adams, Esq.; of Hon. Z. Howe, by H. Clark, Esq.; of the late Gov. Butler, by Rev. C. C. Parker, are expected.

The Committee of Arrangements at Brandon consists of its leading citizens, and the Hon. Ebenezer N. Briggs is chairman. Many ladies and gentlemen throughout Vermont will be present on the occasion, and the meeting promises to be a very pleasant one, socially and historically considered. The next special summer meeting will probably be held at St. Johnsbury, some time in the month of June, 1864.

These meetings, holden in different parts of the state, have been attended with very beneficial results, and have awakened a historical spirit which is highly laudable. A volume containing a collection of papers relating to Vermont history from the archives of the society is talked of, and is a great desideratum. This volume will, probably, be published as soon as sufficient funds are provided by subscription or otherwise. In this proposed publication no one takes more active interest than the Hon. George Folsom, LL.D., of New York city, whose summer residence is at Brattleboro, Vt., and who is well known as one of the most able historical writers and inquirers in the country.



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BROOKLYN, Nov. 19, 1863.

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Benjamin Moore, Clermont avenue, eighth house north of Fulton avenue, Brooklyn.

Henry Rankin, No. 231 South Fourth street, corner Tenth, Williamsburg, E. D.

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From Mr. Thomas S. Day of Brooklyn.

No. 223 PEARL STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

September 13, 1863.

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THOMAS S. DAY.

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